

Six-Cylinder Opposition Silenced

**With Their Four-Cylinder
Guns Spiked, Many Makers,
Who Could Not See the
Six, At Last Become Six
Builders and Boosters**



YOU have noticed, we suppose, that almost every maker of high-priced automobiles is *now* making and advertising *six*-cylinder cars.

If you haven't noticed it, just read current automobile advertising and observe that makers who fought hardest and longest in defense of the four-cylinder car have at last found the Six a desirable car to manufacture.

That one simple little truth sums up the greatest battle for a principle ever fought in any great industry. And if you admire courage and love the truth, you will read this story of the battle with deep interest.

1907—One Man Convinced

It began in June, 1907. Up to that time the Six in America was an experiment. No maker had faith enough in it to stand up and fight. But when Alexander Winton finished his experiments with the Six he was absolutely convinced that no other type of car deserved to be mentioned in the same breath.

Inferior Types Abandoned

Thereupon the Winton Company immediately abandoned all other types. We would not make a second-class product. And from that hour to this, the Winton Company has devoted its entire organization and every ounce of its energy, ability, and enthusiasm to the manufacture of *Sixes exclusively*, and to the campaign of proving the Six to be superior to the four and all other types *on every vital point*.

When we began making Sixes exclusively, many of our competitors laughed derisively. Some of them even said we were *non compos mentis*—which means crazy.

1911—An Industry Converted

Four full years have passed. In that time the principles of the six-cylinder car have not changed a jot or tittle. Likewise, in that time, the Winton Six has not required a single radical change. Both the principle and the car were right from the start.

But in these four years a *great change* has taken place. A change in the *minds*, and *hearts*, and *policies* of those makers who laughed derisively.

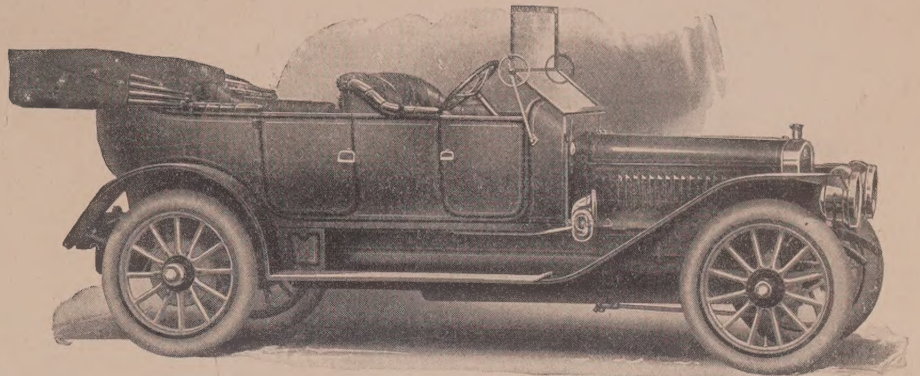
And This Is the Reason

To-day those makers are advertising Sixes. Why?

Well, most makers would not abandon a position they had fought hard to hold unless there was a mighty good reason for "folding their tents."

They have an excellent reason. It is just this and none other:

The quality-buying public demands Sixes.
That's all.



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1912—48 H. P.—\$3000

**Fifth consecutive year without a single radical change.
Motor cranks itself.
Electric light equipment.
Four-door body.**

**130 inch wheel base.
Demountable rims.
More car than ever before.
Price not increased.
Now making deliveries.**

How the Battle Was Won

Why high-grade buyers demand Sixes is easily understood.

1. The Winton Company's faith in Sixes (shown by abandoning other types and making Sixes exclusively) created confidence in the Six among intelligent buyers.

2. These buyers found that the Winton Six *made good* on every claim of superiority over other types.

3. These buyers told their friends. More than that, they *showed* their friends. And when once you have shown a live man what the Six will do and how it does it, he is forever after a Six convert and a Six enthusiast.

4. Then these converts began to ask their favorite makers: "Why don't you make a Six?" And, to make a long story brief, that question bore down so heavily that the makers who had once laughed derisively found it easier to say: "We do," than to offer limping excuses.

That brings the story down to date.

Four Years of Six Success

Meanwhile the Winton Six has had four continuous years of making good. It hasn't a single experimental feature. It is *the* car that, single-handed and alone, changed the automobile map.

Worth thinking about, isn't it?

It Is The Car For You

A car that could bring about the most radical evolution the automobile industry has ever experienced—an evolution that was solidly and vigorously opposed—is a car well worth having in your own service, Mr. Car Buyer.

It certainly is if you love a winner.

More Car Than Before

Except that the 1912 Winton Six is larger, more beautiful, and refined here and there, it is identically the same car that has stood the severe tests of four years of service in the use of its owners.

With its wheel base lengthened to 130 inches, the 1912 Winton Six carries an enlarged and spacious body, having generous doors front and rear, and luxuriously comfortable cushions and upholstery.

Electric Lights for 1912

Electric side and tail lights, the former embedded in the dash, together with ventilators, are a new feature of regular equipment. Lighting current is supplied by a six-volt 60 ampere hour storage battery.

Gas headlights are continued, the gas tank being boxed on the left running-board.

Price Not Increased

The motor, ignition, carburetion, cooling, lubrication, clutch, transmission, and other elements are the same as previously.

Booth demountable rims and 36 by 4½-inch tires all around are regular equipment.

Notwithstanding the increased value represented in the 1912 Winton Six, the price remains unchanged at \$3000.

Write for Catalog

Get the facts about the car whose wonderful success has caused many makers to change their minds, their policies and their models. Our catalog gives the fullest details. Also it tells *how* and *why* the Six-Cylinder car stands alone at the top—the car without an equal. Clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

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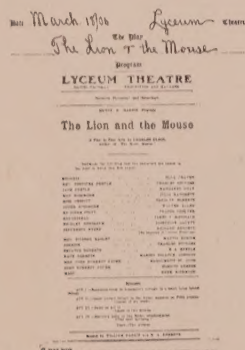


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Specimen Pages



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Specimen Pages

What if I thought of the Play and Players?

Best Chapter

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York



CONTENTS: JULY, 1911

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Portrait in colors of Hazel Dawn	PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "A Country Girl"	
TITLE PAGE: Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as Sister Beatrice	I
THE RUSSIAN BALLETS—Illustrated	2
GERTRUDE HOFFMANN IN "SHEHERAZADE"—Full-page plate	3
"THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT SEBASTIAN"—Illustrated	5
THE CRITIC AND THE PUBLIC <i>Anne Peacock</i>	8
NANCE O'NEIL—Full-page plate	9
SCENES IN "H. M. S. PINAFORE"—Full-page plate	11
A NINETEENTH CENTURY GOLDSMITH <i>W. J. Lawrence</i>	12
TO JULIA MARLOWE—Poem <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	12
SCENE IN "H. M. S. PINAFORE"—Full-page plate	13
THEATRE GOING IN LONDON <i>A. P.</i>	15
CHRISTAL HERNE—Full-page plate	17
NOTABLE OPEN-AIR THEATRES IN AMERICA—Illustrated	18
FOREST THEATRES OF CALIFORNIA—Full-page plate	21
SALLIE FISHER IN "THE HEART BREAKERS"—Full-page plate	23
MEININGEN PLAYERS IN AN AMERICAN PLAY—Illustrated	24
SCENE IN "JUDY O'HARA"—Full-page plate	27
PLAYERS IN VACATION SEASON—Illustrated	28
ACTORS IN THEIR SUMMER HOMES—Full-page plate	29
THE "MAKE-UP" HALF HOUR WITH MABEL HITE—Illustrated	30
BAD TASTE FOR ART'S SAKE <i>Ada Patterson</i>	33
EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT <i>Geo. C. Jenks</i>	35
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT <i>Petronius</i>	xv
	<i>Harriet Edwards Fayes</i>

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MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AS SISTER BEATRICE



White

SCENE IN "CLEOPATRE," SPECTACULAR BALLET PRODUCED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

TWO years ago when Mlle. Pavlowa and M. Mordkine appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in their Russian dances, it was hinted that New York had been given only a taste of the genuine "Ballet Russe" and that next winter a much larger company with numerous star solo dancers would be seen here in all the elaborate productions of the repertoire. One ballet in particular, "Sheherazade," by Léon Bakst, a chapter from the Arabian Nights Entertainment, with all its settings of Oriental mysticism and costumes of barbaric splendor, would, it was announced, create a veritable sensation. Gertrude Hoffmann, an American dancer whose Salome performances are familiar to this public, saw the "Ballet Russe" in Paris and conceived the idea of organizing a company of her own and bringing it to New York in advance of the opening at the Metropolitan. She succeeded in prevailing upon certain members of the Russian Ballet Company to associate themselves with her, and the result is the present engagement at the Winter Garden.

There can be no question as to the success of the venture. On the opening night the spectators went wild with enthusiasm. Such dancing, such stage settings, had never before been seen on our stage. Even if the organization could boast of only one dancer of the artistic distinction of Lydia Lopoukova it would still be a notable one. This gifted little dancer, who is not yet nineteen years old, held the audience spellbound. In her youth and grace the spectators saw the reincarnation of Taglioni. Her every movement was a delight and she fairly danced her way into the audience's heart. Another marvel of the terpsichorian art was Alexander Volinine, *premier danseur* of the Russian Imperial Theatre, whose European reputation long ago put him at the head of his profession. He is a purely classic dancer, handsome of physique, and with a grace and strength that evokes wonder and admiration. He carried Lopoukova through the intricate figures of their dance with a skill and ease truly remarkable.

The entertainment is divided into three parts, each being a

ballet of different type. The first, "Cleopatre," is a love drama with a tragic finale; the second, "Les Sylphides," a series of dances to Chopin's music, and the third, "Sheherazade," an Oriental love drama well interspersed with tragedy.

The setting of "Cleopatre" shows a shrine in the desert. There is a high-columned hall of Egyptian type, affording a view of the Nile between the pillars at the back. Amoun, a young archer, loves a girl, but Cleopatra, the Queen, arrives, wins the archer from the girl, and condemns him to die the next morning. Before the Queen's curtained couch takes place the famous *Bacchanale* dance, executed by twenty dancers. This scene, with its whirling draperies, brilliant-colored costumes, solo marches and dances, was most striking and drew forth unrestrained applause from the spectators. Gertrude Hoffmann appeared as Cleopatra, while Marie Baldina was the archer's sweetheart. Theodore Kosloff played the archer. Mlle. Lopoukova executed a solo dance as leader of the *Bacchanale* and brought down the house.

"Les Sylphides," given to the accompaniment of Chopin's music, belongs to the more conventional school of ballet dancing with toe dancing and filmy white skirts. The performers were Lydia Lopoukova, Alexander Volinine, Mlle. Cochlin, Marie Baldina and Mlle. Gluck, with a *corps de ballet*. The ensemble work of the company was best seen in "Sheherazade," described on the programme as "a chorographic drama." The story is familiar to all readers of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, the scene being the Harem of the King of India and China. The King and his brother go on a journey, leaving their wives under the guard of Chief Eunuch. Their masters have no sooner disappeared than the wives persuade the guard to let them have the keys and, opening the doors, they allow the men slaves to enter. There ensues a noisy revelry, at the height of which the King and his brother return. Soldiers are summoned and all are killed except the King's favorite (Gertrude Hoffmann). She begs for mercy and when the King, refusing, orders her execution,



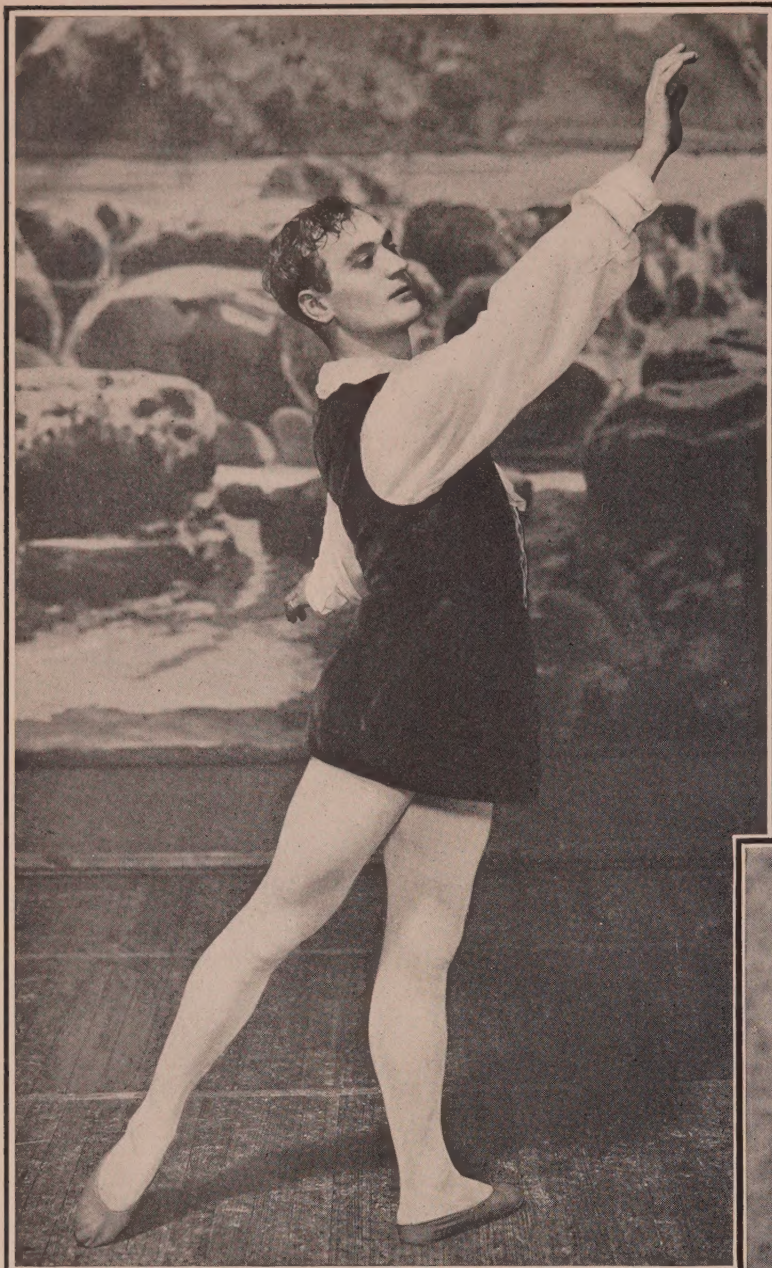
Mandelkern

LYDIA LOPOUKOVA

Première danseuse of the Russian Ballet at the Winter Garden



GERTRUDE HOFFMANN AS ZOBEIDE IN "SHEHERAZADE"



White

ALEXANDER VOLININE IN "LES SYPHIDES"

she kills herself with a knife snatched from one of the soldiers. In this ballet there is plenty of Oriental languor, passion and wild dancing, which at times verges on frenzy, and the riot of brilliant costumes is almost bewildering. But it is all well stage managed and artistic in every detail. Both in "Cleopatre" and "Sheherazade" Alexis Kosloff won great applause for some wonderful solo dancing. There is an orchestra of seventy-five musicians, ably conducted by Max Hoffmann. Money has certainly not been spared in presenting the Russian Ballets on a magnificent scale. Their season at the Winter Garden should be a success.

CASINO. "PINAFORE." Comic opera in two acts, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Revived May 29 with this cast:

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter,	Bill Bobstay.....Eugene Cowles
K. C. B.....Henry E. Dixey	Bob Becket.....Robert Davies
Capt. Corcoran...Geo. J. MacFarlane	Josephine.....Louise Gunning
Ralph Rackstraw....Arthur Aldridge	Little Buttercup.....Marie Cahill
Dick Deadeye.....De Wolf Hopper	Hebe.....Alice Brady

It was a curious coincidence that the all-star revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore" in New York should occur almost simultaneously with the death of W. S. Gilbert in England. This sad circumstance alone serves to stimulate interest in the present revival. New York theatregoers have always been fond of "Pinafore," and the fact that the production at the Casino is in the hands of an all-star cast should not

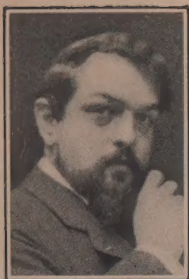
in itself be allowed to prejudice the operetta in the public mind. But while "Pinafore," even at this late day, may wear better than most pieces of its class, it can hardly be said that the opera has for present-day audiences the attractiveness and interest of earlier performances. As the times change so does our sense of humor. Possibly we go backwards, but we change for all that, and it is only by courtesy that we can say we are in touch or in sympathy with operettas written for audiences of two generations ago. The music of "Pinafore" still charms with its pristine grace, but there is much in the book that drags. The comedy sounds forced and many of the lines hang fire, and from these faults not even a star cast can deliver us.

Comment has been made that certain characters are not represented in the original Gilbertian manner. Exception is taken to Miss Marie Cahill's daintiness of attire as Little Buttercup. This character is the bumboat woman who rowed out to the ships, selling goods to the sailors. That the singer brought over by Gilbert and Sullivan for the part was large is true, but she was not ungainly. Without dwelling on this particular controversy, we may observe that there is a seeming tendency in recent revivals of old plays to disregard traditions and to substitute a new spirit for the old. Actors of the day, popular for qualities of their own, are selected for their drawing power and without regard to their fitness for the parts. This tendency or custom will finally make revivals (Continued on page viii)



White

MARIE BALDINA AS TA-HOR IN "CLEOPATRE"



CLAUDE DEBUSSY

"The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian"



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

"THE Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," the new work by Gabriele D'Annunzio, with music by Claude Debussy, was performed for the first time at the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris, on May 22 last. Ida Rubenstein, the beautiful Russian dancer, once a member of the Imperial ballet, and now wife of a Russian millionaire, appeared in the title rôle. Additional piquancy was given to the *première* from the fact that the Archbishop of Paris issued a pronouncement calling upon all Christians to abstain from witnessing the performances.

The play, says the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, is a typical mystery play, closely following the legends of the Middle Ages. The action takes place at Emese (Syria), where Sebastian is Chief of Archers. Slowly his words and miracles convince people of his supernatural greatness, and all who are miraculously healed by him join him in the work of converting unbelievers. In its treatment, the work is an artistic novelty. The words and music do not help each other in the usual way, but each completes the other. When the characters use the spoken word, the music is silent. When speech stops, the music takes up the thread of the drama.

Conductor Caplet, of the Boston Opera House, who conducted the work for Manager Astruc, had this to say of the music:

"It is a new Debussy that is revealed in this work—quite unlike the Debussy we know through his 'Pelléas at Mélisande.' In this new work, which I consider so great that no other present-day French composer could aspire to a like achievement, Claude Debussy has combined the simplicity of Palestrina with such brilliancy of musical thought and such a richness of orchestration as to make one fairly stagger.

"In short, there is no doubt that the music of 'Saint Sebastian' is the completion of the composer's previous works. There are many novel phases in the music, and to begin with, he has changed the equilibrium of the orchestra, in that the

part of most importance is given to wind instruments and the harp. Then there is a total absence of *leitmotifs*. It is true that each act has a prelude, but each act is separately treated, and each prelude is intended to lend the necessary atmosphere to the coming tableau. Without being a Debussy enthusiast, one must recognize 'Saint Sebastian' as an epoch-making work. The music alone will make it world famous.

"The play opens with a prelude intended to picture the Christian soul in all its purity and exaltation. The curtain rises revealing two

Christian maidens chained to pillars. Their song gives a wonderfully vivid idea of their physical weariness and torture. Sebastian appears, and to give the sufferers courage dances over burning coals. The music of this dance is one of the best pages of the work. First the pain and then the joy of martyrdom are told in tones impossible to describe in words.

"A hymn glorifying the Heavenly Power which puts such fortitude into man follows, and when Sebastian shoots an arrow into the sky, and the arrow does not return, and the crowd sees in this the proof of his sanctity, both the chorus and the orchestra proclaim his new fame in tones that depict the transformation of sorrow into joy. Then a vision of heaven is seen and a chorus of angels sing hallelujahs. The chorus in that gradually grows in strength until it reaches a force that was unknown until Debussy reclassified orchestral instruments.

"The second act shows the chamber where magicians and astrologers try to decipher the future, hidden behind a mystic door. There is a new sonority in the prelude that is quite astonishing, when it is taken into consideration that Debussy employs no tricks, as Strauss does, in search for effect. The pathetic scene in this act is provided by the death, through torture, of a young maiden whom Sebastian had converted. Her death prayer is an Italian song of the Middle Ages.

"As the action proceeds, Sebastian enters and bat-



Photo Bert, Paris

MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN

Who plays the title rôle in "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." D'Annunzio prevailed upon the actress to diet herself so that her form might the more closely resemble that of a youth.

ters down the mystic door. Behind it rises a new force—Christianity.

"Debussy's music at this point—the portraying of the battle of Christ's teachings with the spirit of heathendom—is so thrilling that, although no word is spoken, the scene is of the highest dramatic effect.

"The prelude to the third act prepares the hearer for the coming scene, which pictures the court of Cæsar Augustus in all its splendor and brilliant grandeur. Cæsar offers honors to Sebastian, which the latter refuses. A hymn to Apollo follows, and then Sebastian portrays the march of Christ to Calvary. Not a word is said. The care of describing the different emotions of the saint, the tyrant, and the crowd, is left entirely to the music. It is only after several minutes that the crowd takes up the plaint of endless suffering and limitless pity.

"The fourth act pictures the real martyrdom of Sebastian. He



Photo Bert, Paris

MME. ADELIN DUDLEY
(The Sorrowful Mother)



Photo Bert, Paris

MME. VERA SERGINE
(The Enfevered Woman)

is bound to a cross and archers shoot arrows into him, while the chorus and orchestra are painting in tones of sufferings, musically speaking. The most remarkable thing of this act is the orchestral description of the meeting of Sebastian and an old priest just before the former's death.

"The fifth act pictures paradise. The whole act passes without a word.

"It is here," concluded M. Caplet, "that Debussy resembles Palestrina most. What sublime simplicity and remarkable brilliancy he reaches can only be judged on hearing the work, and Americans shall have such an opportunity, for I expect to give 'St. Sebastian' in concert form at the Boston Opera House next season."

The play is not considered a triumph, according to the opinion of the leading European critics, but it is believed that Debussy's

music may win success for this newest work of D'Annunzio's.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says regarding it: "In this latest work D'Annunzio reveals the feverish and disconcertingly strange talent of his books, and, considering the subject and its sacred as-

sociations, it is not wonderful that the Church objects." A writer in the *London Times* has this to say of the work:

"From the dramatic point of view the first act, in which the martyrdom of the youthful brothers Marcus and Marcellianus is portrayed and the miracle is shown us of the adolescent Saint treading with bare feet a bed of burning coals, seized the imagination of the audience and kindled expectations of great success. But after this first act the poet lapses into almost unendurable tediousness and verbosity, in the course of which he has not shrunk from laying upon the hallowed mysteries of the Christian faith the lawless hands which already have profaned so much which the common consent of mankind holds sacred. A stealthy poison runs through the 'mystery,' and especially in the third act a morbid and unpleasant element is insinuated, whose perniciousness is heightened by the fact that it is veiled in the language of esthetico-religious exaltation.

"M. Debussy's music is admirable. In this collaboration he seems to reveal himself the greater poet of the two. His music, while essentially modern, is constantly delightful to the ear. The soft effect of descending semi-tones which we loved in the *'Après-midi d'un Faune'* enraptured us again with watery harp accompaniments and quivering sustained tremolo of the violins, while his delicate choice of subtle and unusual intervals was a constantly recurring joy."

An American critic who was present at the *première* in Paris pronounces the work "oppressive and dull." Writing in the *Musical Courier*, he says: "It is the story of one of the persecutions of the fourth century under the master mind of Dio-

cletian, whose motives were of the Roman intellectual calibre and not merely the brute force of the fanatic. The play is announced as of the 'Mystery' order, and it follows its project into the very construction of its verse and meter, retaining the medieval 'mystery play' character in all the more distinct characteristics. Symbolism abounds in action, in text, in dramatic relation and in the groupings. But the absence of the lyric quality renders it morose, oppressive and at times dull and featureless. One long passage of elocution follows upon the other until the patience of even interested listeners is sorely taxed, and it becomes apparent that D'Annunzio, be he dramatist or not, gives no evidence of this in the play. The motive aims at proving that martyrdom is the demand for death, not its acceptance; it is the insistence upon death, the absolute exaction and mandamus, commanding that death be inflicted that makes the sublimity of martyrdom. This is the foundation of the D'Annunzio 'Martyrdom,' and the figure of San Sebastian, after banishing his king-



Photo Bert, Paris

M. DESJARDINS
(The Emperor)

ly outfit, follows the pre-Raphaelite Perugino, Lippi and Mantegna outlines.

"Of chief interest to our readers would be the music of Debussy, and what I heard of it recalls the same tone mood that Debussy has now made famous through his application of the pentatonic scale. The music was identified with the play."

The Critic and the Public

AT various times there have appeared in this magazine expressions of views upon the utility of the dramatic critic.

But these were the views of the critics themselves, and of actors, playwrights and managers, all intensely interested and all slightly biased—as is quite natural. These four classes deal so largely with the exclusive world of the theatre that their view of the subject lacks perspective. For, after all, it is the public which counts! For the public pays.

Now, just what does the dramatic critic mean to the public at large? What is his importance? His influence?

This is a very busy world, and a great many things happen every twenty-four hours. Mr. Husband is a typical business man (not necessarily of the abhorred "tired" variety), and over his coffee and eggs each morning he reads the market reports, the "business troubles," and, most probably, scans the headlines of the accounts of political affairs and of the sensational crimes and accidents of the moment. He may even glance over the editorial page. Then he may remark: "Here's an account of that new play produced last night." He doesn't read the review; he hands it to Mrs. Wife, who, nine times out of ten, does read it. And why? Not because she is interested in an analysis of the technical faults or successes of the play, and of the star's work; nor is she interested in the mention of the minor actors, so painstakingly praised or blamed in the final paragraph. Not at all. She merely wishes to know "what the play is about." For these are people who do not follow closely theatrical events, who read the preliminary notices with no more than casual interest, who are not acquainted with "professional people," and who, in fact, represent the great, normal, busy bulk of our population—the "paying public."

If the play deals with some problem in which Mrs. Wife is not interested, or presents some star for whom she does not care, no amount of critical praise will draw her to the theatre. If, on the other hand, she admires the star, or finds that the play affords an opportunity for seeing many gorgeous gowns, or if the story of the play attracts her, beyond the general résumé, the reviewer's words of wisdom will have no effect on her. But suppose that, in the first case, she meets her friend, Miss Matinée Girl, who tells her that "the play is fine," or, in the second case, tells her "it is an awful bore, even with Mr. (or Miss) Star in it," and she will accept the guidance of her wholly uncritical friend in preference to that of any professional critic. The fact that women make up the majority of the audiences points to the importance of her opinion—however valueless it may be, critically considered. And, since they are the balancing factor, if they do not regard the dramatic critic's dicta, who does in the great public?

When his Sunday article appears, with its thoughtful and mature consideration of the play, do the Mr. Husbands and Mrs. Wives read it? Study your acquaintances among this great class, and you will find that the answer is "No." Out of every one hundred of the even fairly well-educated readers of the Sunday papers (and always excluding those who, for one reason or another, are professionally connected with the stage), surely less than ten ever read these critiques. And out of this hypothetical ten or less there are sure to be some who read the detailed articles merely to be able to talk intelligently about a play which they have not seen—just as many persons read book reviews.

Have, then, the critics no influence over the ultimate failure or success of a play? For answer, consider the number of plays which have failed, though the critics praised; and consider the number of plays which have succeeded despite their disapproval. How does it happen that an actress whom every reliable critic in New York has proclaimed to be "no actress at all" can draw paying houses, while an actor who has fine technique and intelligence, experience and equipment, has never been a com-



Sarony

GRACE FREEMAN

As Marjorie Joy in the revival of "A Country Girl" at the Herald Square



Albion, Chicago.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF NANCE O'NEIL, WHO WILL BE SEEN AGAIN NEXT SEASON IN "THE LILY"



Matzene, Chicago

MARIE CAVAN

Will be seen next season with the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company

mercial success, though the critics commend his work? "Personality wins for the actor his public, and critical praise or blame matters very, very little. And as to the play, if the theme appeals, the adverse critic is disregarded again. Take, for example, the case of 'the most popular actress in America.' Does it count for much what the critics may say of her, or of her play? If all this seems to the idealist very materialistic, he should be reminded of the plain truth—that a play is made to be acted before audiences, and an actor cannot act to an empty auditorium. We are not considering a dramatic Utopia, where 'no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame,' but the present-day situation.

Suppose a play is universally condemned by the critics, and suppose the public stays away; isn't it entirely because the theme of the play does not appeal? A word of praise from friends will do more to send people to the theatre than will all the columns of critical comment published in a year. The actual value which the dramatic critic has to the public at large is the value which attaches to any other newspaper writer who deals with the stories

of events. The better equipped critics realize this, as anyone may discover by making a study of the best newspaper and magazine work. They endeavor to combine information for the public with really thoughtful criticism for the "professional" reader. But it is, of course, not always a grateful task. To an aspiring young person who asked him for advice, one of the best known of newspaper critics, a man who has grown old, and, possibly, very weary, in this work, wrote:

"You could not choose a more profitless and thankless vocation than that of 'a critic of the drama,' as you call it, nor could you make a more wasteful use of your talents (whatever these may be) than by devoting them to the discussion of Plays and Actors. These things [sic!] receive far too much attention. The need of society is creative, not critical, writing. The course that you have considered for yourself, even if you were able to follow it, would lead straight to slavery."

These are pessimistic words, but here are more from a critic whose lack of popularity extends, among players, from Maine to California:

"Try something easier and more soothing than dramatic criticism. The woods are full of critics. It is rather a sad calling, for it gets upon your nerves, and you have the sorry reward of being thoroughly hated when you tell the truth. Keep the theatre sacred for your own amusement."

And a much younger man, who has done excellent work, says: "Somehow, writing about the stage for the folk who live along the Great White Alley is sometimes trying to the temper."

Pessimistic, truly; and none of the three suggests that he is of much importance to the public!

But, having presented the darker side, it may be admitted very cordially that the dramatic critic is indispensable. The actor, manager, director, playwright need him, and the public needs the reviewer. In the main, criticism is fair, honest and reliable, if not often inspired with genius. That minority of non-professionals which considers the stage as an institution to be taken seriously no doubt gains insight into the finer points of histrionism and technical construction, and has its likes and dislikes critically explained to itself. But this minority is not, more's the pity, a dependable source for audiences. It occupies gallery seats far more frequently than boxes. The general public looks upon the theatre as a place merely of entertainment and always will. It does not refuse to be instructed or raised to emotional heights, but it does demand that it shall be interested according to its lights and entertained according to its tastes. Is it any wonder, then, that it does not care for real criticism? But has the public at large ever been very different? Has the state of public taste ever been on a universally high level? It is true of every art that the critic addresses a limited circle. Because the art of the theatre is more popular in its appeal, it must not be supposed that criticism of it, in the best sense of the word, is also popular.

The flippant and coarse-fibered reviewer has his following, just as the comic supplements have theirs. The sincere critic of the passing shows does good in the long run; he is able to point out immoralities, and if by doing so he attracts the attention of the depraved, he also warns those who are worth warning. His mention, favorable or caustic, may mean deserved success or failure to a minor player, and his method of telling the story of a play may influence his readers among the public. He is not playing a losing game, though it sometimes seems so in this country, for through just discrimination, broad sympathies and a cultured taste he educates and benefits the actor, manager and playwright, and thus (indirectly, it is true) he comes into his own with the public.

But his importance to this same busy, active, bustling public is not nearly so great as the trembling trio believes!

ANNE PEACOCK.

Not everything which the public likes is good art, but nothing which the public dislikes is great art.



White

Geo. J. MacFarlane as Capt. Corcoran

Marie Cahill as Little Buttercup

Act I. Little Buttercup reveals to the Captain his true identity

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S COMIC OPERA, "H.M.S. PINAFORE" AT THE CASINO



Photos White

EDITH HELENA, THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE ABORN ENGLISH GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Miss Helena is a New York girl and possesses a soprano voice of phenomenal range. She has been heard in almost every large city from San Francisco to Munich, the home of Wagner, and her repertoire includes all the well-known operas

O F all the gifted men Ireland has given birth to never, per- A Nineteenth Century Goldsmith

haps, was there a more original genius than the eccentric W. G. Wills. He has aptly been dubbed "a nineteenth century Goldsmith," for he had all poor Noll's childlike simplicity, and equal capacity with him for blundering. Here, however, the resemblance ends. Wills was the more versatile genius. Not since the days of Samuel Lover has there been such a many-sided man. As a writer for the stage he came at the psychological moment, and helped to establish the fame of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. But if he had not been a notable

poetic playwright, most assuredly he would have become the fashionable portrait painter of his day. Art was in reality the goddess of his idolatry, and, writer though he were, he lived the life of an artist amidst studio surroundings. Few men so well brought up have been so frankly and consistently Bohemian. Many capital stories are told of his bland disregard for *les convenances*, and some of these have been vouched for by his biographer and brother, the Rev. Freeman Wills. He would lend (or rather give) money freely to any insinuating loafer who chanced to have his acquaintance, but he had a constitutional inability to discharge his ordinary debts. One night, just after having received a large sum of money in payment of some dramatic work, he strolled into the Garrick Club.

Learning of his replenished purse, a friend who had lent him a five-pound note deemed it a propitious moment to ask for a return of his money. In such cases Willie Wills had a stereotyped answer. He was very sorry, but pressing demands of

many kinds made it imperative to delay the discharge of his obligation. Knowing the ways of the man, his friend was in nowise disconcerted, but bided his time until later in the evening, when he knew the dramatist would have forgotten all about the conversation. So he made himself scarce for an hour or so, and on his return boldly asked Wills for the loan of a "fiver." "Certainly, my dear boy, certainly," said Willie, diving his hand into his pocket and pulling out a number of loose sovereigns. "Help yourself!"

"Wills's early struggles and privations, added to the natural tenderness of his heart," we are told by his brother, "made him very compassionate to broken-down men of letters. Whenever he himself had money in his pocket he was always ready to share it with the literary wrecks that drift about so hopelessly in the neighborhood of Fleet Street. One of those whom he thus assisted was a man named Pyecroft. On a cold winter night, returning to his rooms, he found Pyecroft coiled up outside his door asleep. He brought him in and improvised a bed for him on chairs, and in the morning shared his breakfast with him. Pyecroft showed an appreciation of his hospitality by staying on for many months, becoming a fixture in the chambers. Some days after he was thus installed a friend visited Willie Wills and found him muffled up in his great

coat, smoking a pipe on the stairs outside his own door.

It was then bitterly cold weather. 'Why don't you go indoors?' asked his friend. 'Well,' he said, 'Pyecroft has the greatest objection to the smell of tobacco and I would not like to

To Julia Marlowe

You come from the meadows of morning
With dew in the folds of your gown,
And you carry its freshness and fragrance
To us who are shut in the town.

Our dreams are fulfilled in your coming,—
The saints and the lovers draw near,
The Maiden of France with the lily,
And the passionate, pale Guenevere;

The girl of Verona awakens,
Laughs low, and draws breath with your
breath;
And Francesca has surcease a moment
From the terrors and tempests of death.

Oh woman of romance and wonder,
Who quickens our sense of delight,
Return and again reawaken
The spirits that dwell in the night.

SARA TEASDALE.

Scenes in the Revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Casino



Photo White

Sir Joseph Porter (Henry E. Dixey)	Josephine (Louise Gunning)	Captain Corcoran (Geo. J. Macfarlane)
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ACT I. THE CAPTAIN URGES JOSEPHINE TO MARRY THE ADMIRAL



Bill Bobstay (Eugene Cowles)	Hebe (Alice Brady)	Josephine (Louise Gunning)	Ralph Rackstraw (Arthur Aldridge)
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ACT II. JOSEPHINE AND RALPH PLAN TO ELOPE



Sarony

MAY BLANEY
Who played the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler"

offend him—he is my guest.' Those whom he treated with such gentle consideration, and whose feelings he would not have hurt for the world, were often utterly selfish and careless of his and robbed him right and left without compunction."

Wills had a tobacco-box on the mantelpiece of his studio which he made the receptacle of all his loose cash, and as the locusts who surrounded him were at liberty to help themselves, it ran no risk of overflowing. He told his brother once, with the confidence and simplicity of a child, how much he was puzzled by the fact that when he left an odd sovereign or two in his pockets, on changing his clothes, he never by any means could find them afterwards. He was utterly unconscious that he was being robbed, and to hint at the bald truth was to run the risk of losing his friendship.

One of Wills's cronies was a ragged literary man named Russell, a versatile genius like himself, whom he had chanced upon at the South Kensington Museum. He, too, became a fixture in the studio. One evening the dramatist's old friend, W. L. Woodroffe, called at about 7 o'clock, and found him

preparing to visit Cromwell House, whither he had been invited for dinner by Lord Cairns. Willie's usual custom on such occasions was to buy a shirt at the last moment from the little haberdasher's 'round the corner. It mattered not that all the shirts in the establishment were provided with buttons. Wills had a simple means of making them available for the use of studs. He took a pen-knife and stabbed the necessary holes through the front. Woodroffe on this occasion had the misfortune to be wearing in his shirt three quaint old studs made of carved turquoises and diamonds, all fastened together with a fine gold chain. These were of considerable value, and were an heirloom in his family. Wills expressed his admiration of the studs and his friend rather foolishly lent them to him for the dinner party. A few days later Woodroffe called round to regain possession of his property and was blandly told by Wills that Russell had stolen the shirt (his usual perquisite) and pawned the studs. Willie begged and prayed of his friend to say nothing to Russell about the matter, as he had already reprimanded him for his conduct, and Russell had given him his word never to offend again. "It did not suggest itself to him," adds the Rev. Freeman Wills, from whom we have adapted the story, "that the net result of the whole transaction was the loss to his friend of his valuable studs. He objected even to ask Russell for the pawn ticket; he said that after the conversation he had with him it would hurt his feelings to reopen the subject."

Nearly all Wills's plays were written in bed to the accompaniment of a rusty old musical box which had lost several of its teeth. Consequently it could do little more than travesty the operatic selections it was originally designed to render. From this it may be gleaned that the temperament of the man who wrote "Charles I" and "Olivia" was not of the highly neurotic order. As a matter of fact, Wills became wholly oblivious of his surroundings when in the throes of literary composition.

A story is told which seems to show that, notwithstanding all his open-handed generosity to poor dependents, Wills was not readily responsive to beggars. But as an Irishman, he liked to hear, as well as to say, pleasant things, and might be wheedled by flattery as well as touched by pity. On one occasion when he was walking slowly through the streets, absorbed in a newspaper, Mr. Beerbohm Tree came up behind him and for a joke imitated the conventional whine of a mendicant. But his "Please, sir, will you give me a copper?" only elicited a "Go away, go away," from the abstracted poet. "Ah, Mr. Wills," continued the embryonic theatrical knight in a wheedling voice, "many is the time I have applauded your beautiful plays from the gallery." The gratified dramatist immediately put his hand into his pocket and was dropping a shilling into the beggar's hand, when he recognized his tormentor.

One very curious and somewhat uncanny anecdote of W. G. Wills remains to be related. He was particularly sensitive to adverse criticism, and always dreaded the strictures of Dutton Cook of the *World*. One night in December, 1883, shortly after Cook had dealt severely with "Claudian," a party of friends was assembled at Wills's house and the hostile critic came under discussion. Simply to amuse his guests the dramatist proposed to take his revenge after the approved methods of ancient witchcraft. Seizing upon a lump of wax, Wills rapidly modelled an admirable miniature bust of the offending critic and set it beside a roaring fire where all might watch it melt away. The very next day, without any forewarning, poor Dutton Cook died.

As with many another brilliant Irish writer, W. G. Wills's genius and gifts were painfully expatriated. Neither in poem, play or picture did he give any expression to the *cri de coeur* of his native land. The only crumb of consolation to his fellow-countrymen lies in the fact that two of his plays first saw the light in Dublin, both at the old Theatre Royal in Hawkins Street. "Sappho" was brought out there in 1875, and "Bolivar" in 1879.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

Theatre Going in London

TO amusement through Hades is the first impression of the American playgoer in London. The impression has more reality than have many of the illusions which he is to see in the name of entertainment, for one descends into an inferno of possibilities of fire. Down you go, feeling your way along twilight steps, and down again, and even a third time, down narrow staircases to the seats of the prosperous, in the most famous theatres of London. One flight and the roar of the streets becomes a thin echo, two flights and it is a memory, three flights and it is an eager anticipation.

"It must be damp," said my rheumatic companion in one of these invasions.

"It is a firetrap," said my nervous companion, slipping into a seat to think uninterruptedly of holocausts.

I silently observed that it was both.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree said: "Our playhouses are drab and unattractive and ill-lighted," and the London press unanimously granted him permission to lighten and brighten them as much as he liked. There is a shade less reverence in England than in America. In America we revere attainment, not place. In England they revere neither. But the newest knight of the boards told the truth, though he has not accepted the unanimous invitation of the press to further illuminate.

Within, the London theatres are, as a rule, neutral tinted and indifferently lighted. The faded splendors of an old-fashioned drawing-room, part of the unrenewed magnificence of a perishing estate, are characteristics of the interior of London playhouses. Outside, their walls have the mottled appearance that suggests the mange and provokes in the clear-eyed, energetic American a desire to scrape them, in preparation for painting. By day thus, by night the moon and stars playing tricks with their walls and roofs, the walls have to the fanciful eye a leprous look.

As you leave your carriage the procession of tiptakers begins. The colossal person at the door, whose gold lace trimmed uniform is as imposing as your own evening clothes and whose expression is one of unbending, uncompromising dignity, and whose height so overtops yours that you feel shrinking and apologetic, this splendid person who condescends to open your carriage door and waves you within, must have his sixpence. The mincing young woman in cap and apron who leads you to your seat must have another sixpence, for if you have only a threepence in change and hand it to her with regrets she looks at once grieved and haughty. The other capped, aproned young person who sells you a programme must have sixpence for the programme and threepence for herself. You sink into your chair relieved, but not unobserved. A pair of calculating eyes have watched your entrance. Their owner presents a tray and entreats in a low English voice:

"Lemon squash, Madam? Coffee, cake?" In rapid crescendo of surprise: "Bonbons?"

You murmur ineffectually that you have just dined, but you find a glass or a box in your hands, and, looking abashedly about you, find you are not alone in your plight. Other hands are encumbered. Other faces are an embarrassed pink. But the maid has secured the equivalent of twenty cents for the English equivalent of lemonade, plus a perquisite to her own fair, persistent self. She has achieved her purpose with you, and you see her down the aisle harrying others who had come to see art and met commerce.

You cover your opera bag with your fan and try to count your money by the sense of touch. The prospect that you will be able to pay for your taxicab home is dubious. The tickets for the



White

ETHEL LEVEY

As Sarasa, the Spanish dancer, at the Folies Bergere

play have cost more than you expected. Quite apart from these unexpected tips, the entrance fee to a London theatre is approximately fifty cents more for each person than in our own most expensive theatres.

Presently one becomes aware of a portion of the audience to which the dainty and supercilious young persons in caps pay no entreating visits. Whereas your companions are all attired as becomes their surroundings and their entrance fees, in low-cut frocks and silk or velvet wraps, their hair newly coiffed, this element seems to have come straight from the factory or shop or workroom, in crushed shirtwaist and wrinkled skirt. Probably, since this is London, their shoulders and sleeves bear marks of recent rain. For this is the pit, and the pit stands in line sometimes for hours, in the instance of the Ellen Terry testimonial twenty-four hours, regardless of the elements, to buy its tickets and take its seats in the order of its coming. For the pit knows no preference and it gives none. When you have craned your neck, for you cannot look at it without the rudeness of the twisted, inquiring neck, you encounter the keen eyes beneath the frowsy hair of England's most dreaded critic. Players fear him. Authors cringe to him. Managers have nightmares about him, this critic with neither fear nor favor, this commune of the

drama, the pit. It seems scarcely alive, so set are its faces, from which London imprisonment in shop and factory has driven every vestige of red. Only the eyes are red and keen as a knife, and as bright. Silently the pit waits. It is as wordless as a jury listening to the evidence in a homicide case. At the close of the play, and players have pleased, it bursts into deep-throated cheers. If one or any have displeased, the portentous sound is heard, a sound that makes actors sicken and

fluttered feeling of having been hurried through her dinner, and of the meal having lodged reproachfully near her last rib. And she accounts as a desirable asset of the playhouses in London that performances begin late, and some of them are preceded by one-act plays, permitting the guests arriving at nine to see the chief play of the evening in its entirety.

Contentedly while braiding one's hair for the night, the new playgoer, reviewing the evening's experiences, realizes that, while



FELIX WEINGARTNER, THE DISTINGUISHED ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR, REHEARSING WITH LUCILLE MARCELLE

Felix Weingartner, the great orchestra conductor who succeeded the late Gustav Mahler as director of the Vienna Opera House, which position he relinquished last season in order to devote himself to composition and conducting orchestral concerts, has been engaged by Mr. Russell for a short season of three weeks to conduct in Boston some Wagnerian operas, for which Weingartner is famous. Miss Lucille Marcelle (also seen in the above photograph), who has been selected by Richard Strauss to sing the part of Electra in Vienna, is a dramatic soprano who is rapidly coming to the front rank of operatic singers. She is an American girl, and for the past year has devoted her time to giving song recitals exclusively of Weingartner's composition.

whiten, a sound that is like the moo of an angry, tail-lashing cow, the boos of the pit.

Aside from the candor of the pit, rather better manners prevail in the English playhouses than in our country. The stalls and orchestra are as silent as the pit while the play continues, and at the end are less explosive. We hear no personal comment upon play or players or audience during the play, nor in the entractes, nor as orchestra and stalls make their quiet way to their carriages. They know that their comments might reach the ears of friend of player, or author, or management. Criticisms wait for the coffee cups, a most desirable rule. Moreover, one is conscious as she steps into her cab that she does not feel as though she had been flattened for three hours in a torturous compressing process. They provide wide chairs and reasonable space between seats in London. She lacks, too, that

the possibilities of subterranean horrors by fire are appalling, that the absence of fuss and flurry in starting is admirable, and the lack of personalities in orchestral conversations most grateful.

The commercial instinct, which Kitty Cheatham translates as being the instinct of acquisitiveness, lives large in the European breast, as in our own, but the European has not the day and night and always operative system of acquirement. His meals, for instance, are a sacred rite with which nothing must interfere. Accordingly, he literally shuts up shop while the rite is in progress. In Paris, as in London, the prices for theatrical amusement are higher than in America, the difference being practically a half dollar for the same grade of entertainment. It is a tax which playgoers pay for the European tradition and atmosphere that in Continental capitals hang about the temples of amusement, as canopy and tapestries adorn palaces. A. P.



CHRYSTAL HERNE AS MRS. CLAYTON IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' NEW PLAY, "AS A MAN THINKS"

White



SARAH BERNHARDT GIVING A PERFORMANCE OF RACINE'S TRAGEDY, "PHEDRE," IN THE GREAT OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Notable Open-Air Theatres in America

CALIFORNIA will soon be known the world over for its unique out-door theatrical performances. The classic Greek Theatre at Berkeley is the principal scene of these important productions, in which the world's greatest artists have won new laurels. It is said that Sarah Bernhardt had always wanted to give Greek drama in a Greek setting, but not till she came to the Pacific Coast immediately after the great disaster to San Francisco, five years ago, did she fulfill this dream. On

May 7th, when the divine Sarah gave a performance of Racine's "Phedre" at the Greek Theatre, the present writer crossed the bay from San Francisco to Berkeley to witness what is generally considered the farewell appearance of the great French actress on the Pacific Coast.

The open-air coliseum of the University of California is a revelation to all who behold it. Erected at a cost of \$100,000, it was the gift of William R. Hearst, and has a seating capacity of more than 7,000. While the general plan of the structure follows the classic theatre at Epidaurus, it is

by no means a copy of this, but a distinct creation in the Greek spirit. Nineteen tiers of cement seats rise in a semi-circle on the steep hillside around the stage, which is backed by a monumental cement wall divided into panels by fluted columns. In the orchestra circle below 1,600 chairs can be placed, which, with the upper tiers, afford a seating capacity of over 6,000 people, exclusive of the stage, which holds another thousand.

The assembled audience makes an impressive scene. The

touches of bright color here and there, the animation of the great raised semi-disc of humanity, backed by the dark fringe of rustling eucalyptus trees, with the blue sky overhead, makes up a novel spectacle.

At the end of the second act of "Phedre," while Mme. Bernhardt was bowing to the applause, an interesting scene, not on the programme, was enacted. A committee, consisting of Professor Foulet, Consul-General Merou, and Professors Armes, O'Neil and Haskell, of the University Committee on Music and Drama, went on



Photo H. F. Stoll
BERNHARDT PRESENTED WITH A HUGE LAUREL WREATH AT THE GREEK THEATRE, ON MAY 7TH LAST, AFTER HER PERFORMANCE OF "PHEDRE"

the stage. In a short address Professor Foulet thanked the French tragedienne for her visit, recalled incidents connected with a former appearance of the great artiste, and declared that the Berkeley Theatre had not proved unworthy of the tradition which she had established. He then presented her with a huge laurel wreath, whereupon Consul-General Merou added a few complimentary words, and on the impulse of the moment grasped the hand of the actress and kissed it. It was a trying ordeal for Mme. Sarah, and she could only repeat "*Merci*" as she bowed herself gracefully from the stage.

The Greek Theatre at Berkeley was built in 1903, and while the students had previously given several excellent classic productions, notably Aristophanes' "*Birds*" and Sophocles' "*Ajax*," its real theatrical history dates from May 17, 1906, when Mme. Bernhardt first appeared as the passionate, vengeful wife of Theseus, and made its vast stage known to the most famous visiting stars, who are now happy to be honored with an invitation to play in the great amphitheatre. Sembrich, Gadski and other great singers have

been heard to advantage there in concert.

Maude Adams has given two memorable evening performances there. On one visit she acted "*L'Aiglon*," and last year she appeared as Rosalind in "*As You Like It*." On the latter occasion the bowl of the theatre, as well as the stage, was utilized in creating a remarkably realistic Forest of Arden. Some idea of the elaborate scale on which the play was presented may be had from the number of people who took part in the production. Besides the twenty-five acting parts in the drama, there was a chorus of sixty singers, eighty-five supernumeraries, forty-five pieces in the orchestra, and a working staff of forty people engaged in the mechanical side of the production. The only occasion when anything of like proportions has been attempted was when Miss Adams played Schiller's "*Joan of Arc*" in the Harvard Stadium at Cambridge. But the large sum spent at the Greek Theatre in providing a suitable setting was justified, for over 8,000 interested spectators filled the seats and the receipts totalled over \$12,000. Miss Adams looked charming as a greenwood Diana. Her



Photo H. F. Stoll MAUDE ADAMS
As Rosalind at the open-air theatre at Berkeley, California



Photo H. F. Stoll

8,000 PERSONS LISTENING TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, BERKELEY



Photo H. F. Stoll

PERFORMANCE OF THE BIBLICAL PLAY, "DAVID," AT THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

half-boots of doeskin were topped by hose of a neutral green, and a dappled skin of graceful cut formed the jerkin from which a fawn-colored cloak hung almost to the ground. An Italian cap, with a little feather, rested upon her boxed curls, and a formidable spear furnished the requisite touch of masculine swagger.

An amusing feature of the production was the anxious efforts of the newspaper artists to secure pictures of the star during the progress of the play. The poor combination of electric light and moonlight made it necessary to use flashlights for photographing purposes, and it was not until Miss Adams came to the front of the stage and seated herself on a property stump that they were assured of success. Then, to the surprise of many

in the audience who were absorbed in the play, there was a sudden report like a bomb, a lurid flash, and several camera fiends could be seen scampering to the side.

It was during the preparations for the production of Sophocles' "Antigone" at the Greek Theatre, a month later, that the romance in the life of Margaret Anglin began. Howard Hull, whom she recently married, was cast for the part of Haemon. No one at that time realized that the ardor the actor put into the rôle of the lover had any special significance.

Never can one forget the beauty of the scene as the audience gathered in the twilight of a perfect summer day. Seated a half-hour before the performance began, this gave an excellent chance to watch the transformation of the great open-air theatre as the daylight faded. When darkness came, the tiers of seats and the fringe of eucalyptus gradually disappeared, while overhead the stars began to twinkle. Then strong lights were thrown on the stage, music from a hidden orchestra could be heard and the players entered. The audience was spell-bound, and the absolute quiet permitted one to hear the rhythmic dialogue as well as in any closed theatre, for the acoustic properties are absolutely perfect.



Photo H. F. Stoll

MARGARET ANGLIN IN A SCENE FROM "ANTIGONE" AT THE GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY



Photos by Moulin and Waters
 1 The Grove stage of the Bohemian Club, showing David Bispham in the centre, singing the title rôle. 2. David Bispham delighting the Bohemians with an impromptu concert in the Redwood Grove. 3. Miss Helen Cook as Michal and George Manship as Saul in "David" at the Forest Theatre, Carmel-by-the-Sea. 4. Scene from Professor Morse's Grove play, "St. Patrick at Tara"

SCENES FROM RECENT PRODUCTIONS IN THE FOREST THEATRES OF CALIFORNIA

Equally as notable, but of an entirely different nature, are the "Grove Plays" of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. They all have a forest setting, for no scenery is used, and the performance is continuous, there being no division into acts. The component parts of the presentation are dialogue, songs, choruses,

inclined portion of the stage in a zig-zag course to a point over a hundred feet in a straight line from the lowest platform and at an elevation above it of some sixty feet. But these figures are deceptive, for both of the distances seem to be much greater, particularly at night. The hillside is a natural sounding-board,



Photo H. F. Stoll

THE TACOMA THEATRE, WHERE MARGARET ILLINGTON WILL PRODUCE "THE MEDEA" THIS SUMMER

dances, and orchestral interludes. One of the club's literary lights prepares the book and a musically gifted Bohemian is responsible for the music. About \$10,000 is lavished on each production, and nearly a thousand business men, professional men, artists and newspaper workers struggle for the honor of insuring its success. The plays are given at nine o'clock on the Saturday night nearest the full moon of August in the club's own grove near Guerneville, on the Russian River. This grove consists of two hundred and forty acres of forest land, situated seventy-five miles from San Francisco, and contains some of the finest redwood giants on the Pacific Coast.

The stage is situated at the foot of a wooded hillside, and is framed by the trunks of enormous trees, that form a natural proscenium. In front is an orchestra-pit, partly hidden by ferns, and large enough to accommodate the fifty or more of the best professional musicians that can be engaged in San Francisco. A rugged trail concealed by underbrush ascends the

and the acoustics of the place are so good that words spoken in a normal tone from the highest point on the trail by a person whose voice has ordinary carrying power can be distinctly heard at the back of the auditorium glade.

It is not an uncommon thing for travelers to so arrange their itineraries that they will be in California at the time of the Bohemian outing, which, if they come with letters to a member of the club, they may be privileged to see. Members who reside in Eastern States sometimes cross the continent to attend the encampment. David Bispham did this last year when he sang the leading rôle in "The Cave Man," and enthusiastic Bohemians like Joseph Redding, who wrote the libretto for Victor Herbert's grand opera, "Natoma," have even cut short European trips in order to reach California in time for the annual festival.

As yet neither professionalism nor publicity has contaminated the grove performances. The only persons that see the productions are the members and the

(Continued on page vi)

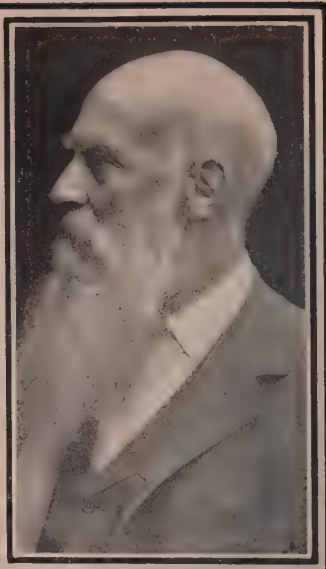




HELENE, BARONESS VON HELDBURG



THE NEW MEININGEN COURT THEATRE
Built last year after the old one was burnt down



DUKE GEORGE II. OF SAXE-MEININGEN

The Meiningen Players in an American Play

IT was in the early Spring of 1907, whilst the present writer was staying in snowed-up Berne, in Switzerland, and working hard at the German translation of Rann Kennedy's "The Winterfeast," that a letter came from him. "My dear boy," it ran, "I am working at a wonderful thing. I am quite carried away by it myself; and so will you be when you return." Soon after that, in April, I returned to England for the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, and whilst in Stratford I received the first complete copy of "The Servant in the House." Then followed wonderful days, reading and *living in* this unique work, which, to the attentive reader with an open heart, constantly touched new strings, discovered new parallels and relations to the past, the present, and the future. In Stratford, also, I met Walter Hampden, the first "Manson," who later, with the play in his pocket, sailed for America, and did not rest till it was performed there. Its career and triumphs in the States are well known to readers.

In Germany, however, things went more slowly. But the Germans have a proverb which says, "Gut Ding will Weile haben!" (Good things must have time!), and another one, which also bears on the case, tells us that "What takes a long time turns out well!" It was almost four years after the completion of the German translation before a German manager was found who was willing to put the piece on. In several of the large papers favorable criticisms on Kennedy's work had already appeared before its German production. Many well-known authors and men of other professions of entirely different trend of mind had spoken enthusiastically about the play, and were hoping for a performance. Amongst them were Hermann Bahr, the highly-gifted Austrian novelist and dramatist, who is now well known and appreciated in America as the author of "The Concert," and the Roman Catholic priest, Father Expeditus Schmidt, who is also a learned authority on literature, and especially on Ibsen. Bahr wrote of the play that for years no drama had given him such great and pure impres-

sions. He found in it not only a man in the best and fullest sense of the word, but the whole universe. Father Schmidt called the author "a Christian Ibsen." But although many of the important managers in Berlin and elsewhere highly appreciated the play also, none would venture to give a performance. They were all afraid of the public and the press. The originality of the idea and its working out, its very simplicity and straightforwardness, but especially its English dress and its theme, which was wrongly considered to be only religious, made them hold back. Now-a-days no one has the least inclination to take up religious questions in the theatre; they only go to be amused, nothing more. How often had I to listen to these views! It was of no use explaining to managers whom I interviewed about the play during my many trips to Germany, that this was not only not a "religious" play, nor a play on a specially English

theme, but on the life or death of a soul, clothed in a foreign dress, it is true, yet treated in a way to make a universal appeal, and so simply and naturally as to be easily understood by educated and uneducated alike. But even if Kennedy had laid the scene of his play in the moon, amongst creatures not belonging to any known nationality, managers would still have refused it! They could not help feeling that here was something new and uncertain, and they feared the risk. And all the time there was growing amongst the German people a need for a deeper religion, a desire for more clearness on the great questions of life, a longing to give up the merely material—the only god worshipped for so long—and a better understanding for Christ's words: "One thing is needful." And parallel with that a new search began for a *real* religion, a questioning as to how much of what has been handed down to us we can still accept to-day. Thus, suddenly, in apparently sceptical Germany, the figure of Christ became again the centre point of interest and discussion, and the heat of the argument on the questions, "Who was Christ?" "Did Christ live?" betrayed how



MAX GRUBE
Intendant of the Meiningen Court Theatre

deeply all hearts felt. Books were published on the subject; scientists and theologians lectured on it; the Emperor himself was present at one of them on the subject of "Babel und Bibel."

During all this, Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," was biding its time. Then, when the psychological moment came, a manager, the courageous Intendant of the Royal Court Theatre of Meiningen, Max Grube—himself one of the finest actors on the German stage and already well known in America

Perhaps the Meiningen performance is also responsible for the changed views of the English papers, which now begin to speak of Kennedy as an "English" dramatist, although on the occasion of the run of "The Servant in the House" in London he was dismissed with rather a pitying shake of the head, as if his play was anything but a work of importance and distinction.

Much time and care were spent on the preparations for the production in Meiningen. Although a part of the public was



Copyright L. Otto Weber, Meiningen

The Bishop
(Herr Stahl)

Manson
(Herr Nachbaur)

Drainman
(Herr Osmarr)

SCENE IN ACT I IN "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE," AS ACTED BY THE MEININGEN PLAYERS

—was found to produce it. After what I have just said it will be easily understood that the piece would deeply interest, even thrill, its audience. No wonder that it was one of the greatest successes Meiningen had had for many years, that the audience, discussing the play enthusiastically, were only brought with difficulty to leave the theatre, and that I, as the author's representative, had to appear repeatedly before the curtain to thank them! The play is soon to appear in book form, published by the famous firm of Cotta & Co., the original publishers of Goethe's and Schiller's works. It is to be given in Berlin during the coming Autumn, and the theatres in other important towns are much interested in it. It is also going on a tour through Southern and Eastern Germany very soon, and will be played in such towns as Augsburg, Würzburg, Regensburg, etc. The newspapers have hailed it as a choice fruit, and as a sign that America* has now rare dramatists living and working for her.

*Charles Rann Kennedy, formerly a British subject, having recently applied for his naturalization papers, may properly be styled an American author. Since his success with "The Servant in the House" the English newspapers show a readier disposition to claim him as a British dramatist.

against the piece, without even knowing from first hand knowledge anything about it, Intendant Grube nevertheless held bravely to his decision. It had got about that the piece was very "free," and that sufficed to make the heads of the School-mistresses' College forbid their pupils to see the play! In spite of all that, though, the applause came, spontaneously and straight from the hearts of the hearers. Grube himself "produced" and staged it.

He had arranged a stately room, noble, yet "intime," on the walls of which hung a genuine Renaissance picture in warm, beautiful tones, sent from the Ducal palace itself, whence came also, through the kindness of the Court Marshal, several beautiful things for decoration. Copies of Dürer's four Apostles whose faces, glowing with earnestness and fervor, seemed to invite inward confession and repentance, looked down from the walls of the room where the miracle of the regeneration of these human souls was to be wrought. Each of the seven players gave of his best, gave even more—himself, body and soul. Herr Nachbaur, who played Manson, had felt the spirit of true Freemasonry in his

part, and kept that idea steadily before him while he preached his holy truths and shed the light of his love around him. Herr Osmarr's Bob was a most exceptional performance in its great simplicity. He was to the life the common workman, full of class-hatred and narrow party spirit. Then, as the Sun of Love fell on him, he grew and grew; you could almost see it working in him, see the ice of his heart melting, see him transformed into a hero! Fräulein Helene Thimig, who has been secured by the Court Theatre in Berlin for next year, had struck, with astonishing intuition, exactly the right note as Mary, and was the fresh young English girl as if to the nature born. Her "Mary" seemed to live and move before us. From the first moment of her appearance till the fall of the curtain at the end she lived in gesture and expression, every mood of the part. Sorrow and joy, roguishness, love, trust, and fear, even fleeting moods, which were still only half-conscious thoughts, were mirrored in her expressive face. The Vicar was in the hands of Herr Roebeling, an actor whose earnest performance was imbued with thought and feeling, and Fräulein Hellmund as his wife ("Auntie") brought much love and care to her task. Hermann Thimig, a brother of Fräulein Helene Thimig—both children of a distinguished Viennese actor—was a fine and humorous Rogers, and Herr Stahl, as Bishop of Lancashire, although he made the part rather old and shaky, played it on these lines logically and with a sure touch; his facial make-up, too, was admirable, with its sharp, intelligent features. Out of these seven stars Grube had created, as it were, a unified constellation. He saw to it that unity of impression and style, climax and restraint, were preserved. The distinctive characteristics of the performance were greatest simplicity, yet intensity, no unnecessary pathos, no stagy gestures; one felt that the action was passing in the innermost recesses of the souls. Thus the great scene between father and daughter moved the audience profoundly; the least approach to weak and cheap sentimentality was avoided, and the hearers were made to feel that something human and real was going on before them. The message of the play went home in this way, even more than would have been possible by over-emphasis.

It was a particular honor for the piece that it should make its first appearance in Germany in the Meiningen Court Theatre, for this is the home of the celebrated "Meiningers," who, about twenty years ago, made their famous tour through many lands giving Shakespearian performances. Not only did they win a great triumph for themselves then, but they also influenced greatly the dramatic art wherever they played, and earned honor and fame for the German theatre outside its own land. This great epoch in their history had been prepared by Duke George himself. At a time when Germany's theatrical art and drama were at a very low ebb, and had sunk to mere playing with trifles, when no new poets were coming to the front and the public would hardly listen to the old ones, Duke George, a born producer and artistic director of great talent, undertook to foster a love for the great classical poets and make them honored once more. And he succeeded in his undertaking in the most brilliant way, faithfully assisted in his work by his consort, Baroness von Heldburg. She herself was once an enthusiastic

and highly-gifted actress, who had joined his theatre and finally became his helpmate, esteemed and loved by all. That he could succeed as he did in his endeavors was through his great artistic gifts and strength of character. For him truth was everything.



White CATHRYN CLARK
Young leading woman who will be seen next season in a metropolitan production under the management of A. H. Woods

Truth and genuineness, inward as well as outward, were the two pillars on which his art was founded. Unnecessary splendor of mounting for the sake of splendor he hated, for his only aim was that nothing should detract from the sense of the poet's work; on the contrary, he always tried to bring the play nearer to the audience and to make it live before them. His ideal was to awaken the old classical dramas to a new, full life. They should speak for themselves out of their own time; the audience should imagine itself living in the period and, as contemporaries of the characters in the play, take an intimate interest in them. Hence the vivid and life-like crowd-scenes, such as those in Julius Cæsar, which simply carried the audience with them at will, as if they, too, were part of the crowd. In order to bring about all that, discipline was absolutely necessary. This the Duke achieved, not through severity, but through the natural dignity of the ruler. And as he himself is a true artist—many excellent and life-like designs by him of groups and scenes from that time still exist—he allowed his artists freedom in development. Thus, in this atmosphere of combined artistic liberty and discipline, a number of

fine actors grew up (amongst them Intendant Grube himself), and the great ensemble was created. That these great traditions are being preserved was evident to me by the Shakespeare productions I saw whilst in Meiningen, two of which were "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Measure for Measure," both seldom seen in Germany. The *mise-en-scène* was noble and the performance full of zest and roundness, in which the principal theme was always clearly emphasized without the sacrifice of details.

There is still another reason why it was an honor for Kennedy's play to make its first appearance in Germany in the Meiningen Court Theatre: in it, at the express desire of the Duke, the first battle was fought around Ibsen's "Ghosts" in Germany. How this came about was characteristic of the Duke, and that he, the avowed lover of the classics, should be the first to bring out this Ibsen play shows the broadness of his mind and interests. When he had had it announced that he intended having "Ghosts" performed in his Court Theatre, a perfect storm of horror arose. No one would buy tickets. But the Duke was equal to the occasion, so he commanded the doors of his theatre to be thrown wide open, and any who wished to see the performance could walk in free! Such was the first performance of "Ghosts" in Germany, or, if I am not mistaken, in any country. The world did not come to an end, and Meiningen still stands where it did. And in London the piece is still forbidden by the censor!

Meiningen is not troubled with such fears now, so Kennedy's play, in spite of the small current against it to which I have already alluded, came through its first performance with flying colors and hearty applause. It will now bear fruit in many directions, for it will preach the true religion: the love of humanity and brotherhood.

FRANK E. WASHBURN FREUND.



APHIE JAMES AND PAUL McALLISTER IN A NEW PLAY BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT AND FREDERICK A STANLEY,
ENTITLED "JUDY O'HARA"

PLAYERS IN VACATION SEASON



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AND JULIE OPP ON THEIR FARM IN SURREY, ENGLAND

THE hegira to Europe to witness the coronation of George V was a nearly general one by the players of the United States. Yet there remained behind some distinguished exceptions.

Lillian Russell and Blanche Bates, deciding that what an actress who plays to the crowd every season needs between seasons is to escape the crowd, have each elected to rest as far from that madding element as possible. Miss Russell chose a cottage at Chelsea, a quiet suburb of Atlantic City, leaving it now and then to pay a visit to her sister, Mrs. Leona Ross, on the newly acquired family farm in New Jersey. Here and at Ossining, N. Y., she and Miss Bates exchange visits. Her farm, two miles from the grim gray towers of Sing Sing Prison, Miss Bates esteems her greatest blessing, greater than her success, greater than the radiant personality that draws to her friends as a lodestone collects vagrant filings, greater than the magnificent health to which, by the way, the farm has so greatly contributed.



EDNA GOODRICH
In the grounds of her home at
Great Neck, L. I.

The farmhouse, therefore, was open all summer, as it was open all winter. Miss Bates, making a brief excursion to Hot Springs, Ark., to drink a few gallons of ill-smelling and ill-tasting water for her stomach's sake, after her play closed, rushed back to the farm, to rest there in calm content. Before her play opens in the autumn she will motor to and from California.

Frances Starr, having considered offered cottages by the sea, returned to the spot of all her summer vacations, Lake George. "For I know what that is," she said with a philosophy worthy an older head. There she will spend half the day in the saddle, the rest in the cottage garden, studying her part in the new play which, on September 15, she will begin rehearsing.

Christie MacDonald, having dashed across the ocean to take a few lessons from her vocal teacher, Mme. Rudini, in Paris, as is her habit, will dash back again via Montreal, that she may actually have a brief time of

real rest at her favorite place of midsummer repose, a little brown bungalow on Bass Wood Island, in the Thousand Islands. She will have at the Island her invariable all-the-summer guests, her mother, her sister, and the family cat, "Prow," so called because she has noticed that instead of saying "Me-ow-ow," as do ordinary cats, he always utters the mystic syllable, "P-r-r-r-ow." She is an expert at handling a motor boat, and is as proud of her success in running the Burnum's famous "Dixie," the unbeaten American champion in the International Cup Races that are held annually in the St. Lawrence, as she is of the phenomenal triumph of "The Spring Maid." Fishing is a favorite pastime, and visitors to the bungalow are treated to one of the St. Lawrence institutions, a "rock dinner," at which guides cook the fish caught by the party and spread the feast on the rocks, the unlucky fishermen sharing the feast by the generosity of the successful, as sometimes happens at life's table.



Lillian Russell and Blanche Bates near
Miss Bates' home in Ossining

Elsie Janis has paid her annual visit to the old homestead, which she restored and enlarged, and which the family have named El Jan. Miss Janis is regarded as the most graceful tennis player in the town in whose suburbs stands El Jan, Columbus, Ohio. Fred Stone, of Montgomery and Stone, enjoys himself in outdoor sports at Stonehurst, the comedian's villa at Amityville, Long Island. Mrs. Stone (Alene Crater) is always a delighted and interested spectator of her husband's athletic sports.

Frank Daniels' happiest hours, he asserts, are spent loafing on the veranda of his place at Rye, N. Y. Laura Nelson Hall, with a vacation from "Everywoman" a most remote probability, spends her Sundays and fractions of Mondays in her trim cottage, which she has named The Hut, because it doesn't

(Continued on page vii)



EVA DAVENPORT AT BLOCK ISLAND



1. Elsie Janis at her home, "El Jan," Columbus, Ohio. 2. Christie MacDonald at her Summer home on Bass Wood Island, in the St. Lawrence. 3. Julia Dean at Harmon-on-the-Hudson. 4. Fred Stone at his country place, Amityville, L. I. Blanche Bates in the automobile in which she will make a tour to California. 6. Laura Nelson Hall, her son, and Wm. J. Hurlbut, at Wading River, L. I. 7. Frank Daniels on the porch of his home at Rye, N. Y. 8. Wilton Lackaye at Shelter Island. 9. John R. Green, Mrs. John R. Green, Stanley Burger, and Grace Livingston Furniss at Siasconset. 10. Adelaide Prince at her country home at Delaware Water Gap.



Photo Moffett

The "Make-Up" Half Hour with Mabel Hite

A ROSE-COLORED curtain hangs before Mabel Hite's dressing room at Wallack's Theatre, and Minnie Wallack, neatly attired in gray-striped fur, gives one first greeting. Minnie Wallack is the cat that lives hard by the stage door of the historic theatre, and that, according to the attachés of the theatre, from the stage doorman, up or down, wields the fortunes of the house. It was a good omen, they all said, that Minnie squatted at Mabel Hite's feet on the stage floor at the dress rehearsal of "A Certain Party," and, after gazing deep into the young star's eyes, brilliant hazel eyes, with her own amber ones, sprung upon the little actress' shoulder, and with arched back rode proudly about on that perch through one of her most difficult scenes.

New fashions are not always the best. Managers are proud of their success in providing comfortable and hygienic dressing rooms in the new theatres they are building. I've paid visits to all these dressing rooms in the New York theatres, but not one has appealed to me as quite so homey or so thoroughly hygienic as the star's dressing room at old Wallack's.

The breeze of a May afternoon was blowing the curtains inward from the two capacious windows that looked upon Thirtieth Street, and through which the ceaseless noise of Broadway came as the distant drone of a hive of bees.

The cheerful square room had more of the air of a woman's sitting room than of the adjunct of a theatre. I saw no theatrical pictures about. The sofa was draped in a new cretonne, with life-size, self-colored roses tumbling over a cream-colored background. There was a rocking chair, and two or three easy chairs invited ease of body and of spirit. Although the little clock on the dressing table gave its testimony that it was five minutes of two, the star sat before her mirror, rouging her cheek and exchanging laughing confidences with a young woman friend. The friend wore such a becoming hat that I fancied those confidences were of millinery. Miss Hite was crimsoning her cheeks with a trusty

rabbit's foot. She wore a soft yellow kimono, that gave an Oriental touch to an intensely American personality.

"When did you find out you were funny?" I asked the youngest and one of the most successful of eccentric comedienues.

"I didn't; Eva Tanguay did," she returned, turning one rose-red cheek to the mirror to assure herself that it was as red as the other. "My mother met Miss Tanguay. It was at a hotel in Kansas City, and I suppose there were the usual intima-

tions to a visiting artist that there was local talent round about waiting to be appreciated. I sang for Miss Tanguay, and I remember that she explained to mother that some children who are clever grow up quite the reverse, and she advised her to put me on the stage at once. I went on at thirteen in vaudeville."

Previous to this, we might pause to explain, there had been two periods in the little comedienne's life career, the first four years in her native Kentucky, and nine years following those, while her family lived in Kansas City, where she went to the public schools and sprained the comprehension of her teachers.

"You are a bright child, Mabel," said one of the sufferers, "and you don't seem malicious with your mischief."

That a child could make monkey faces and perform strange contortions with her little eel-like body, and yet be affectionate to her teachers and interested in her lessons, in fact, not be headed straight for a reformatory or State's prison, was an unsolved puzzle to the teachers in the public schools of the city on the Kaw River. But school teachers are not famed for their sense of humor.

How many women were? How many of her women acquaintances had a sense of that which until recently has been presumed to be denied women, a sense of humor?

Miss Hite stopped in her deft work of applying blue tints to her eyelids and thoughtfully dusted white powder over the lids to soften the blue.

"I can't make an estimate in numbers," she said, "but there are many, a great



Moffett

MABEL HITE IN STREET COSTUME



MABEL HITE IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

Moffett, Chicago

many. When one dines or lunches out she nearly always meets one bright woman, several, in fact. And to be interesting at table, to say bright things and keep people amused, is the work of a comedienne. They might not happen to have the power to get those bright things over the footlights, but they are in some degree comediennes. Many women have a sense of humor who have never had an opportunity to develop it. I have a number of friends in private life who could become successful comediennes."

Vanity is believed—by men—to be a fault owned exclusively by women, and that all women share it. But I've known women who were wholly lacking in it. They would have been happier had they possessed it, for vanity is the flattering veil through

which we look at the truth about ourselves. To my collection of unvain women I add Mabel Hite. A girl with marvelous eyes and at least ten degrees of featural superiority over most girls, she makes herself look a freak on the stage, and joys in it. We talked of the alleged exclusively feminine possession, and Miss Hite, screwing up her pretty forehead thoughtfully while she carmined her lips, said:

"I've never had anything to be vain of. Besides, I've never known anybody worth while who didn't have too much sense to be vain. No matter how successful anyone may be, she never knows when she'll get a terrific bump. She'd better be humbly ready for the bump."

There are rumors that this remarkable young star takes her

chorus girls out to dinner, and this heinous departure from the rule she laughingly admitted.

"Did you hear of the joke I played on the girls?" she gurgled. "I called an extra rehearsal and they came, bless their hearts! without grumbling, and found it was a beefsteak party. The girls would do anything for me, and I would do anything for them.

"But I can't believe the stories I hear of how stars ignore members of their company. I know those stars and have found them so charming that I think there must be some mistake about it. Sometimes they may be preoccupied and forget to speak, but I don't believe it is intentional. As for me, I like to be liked. I like people and I want them to like me. I have always thought it is fine when something unpleasant is said about one to know that there will be some one about who will say, 'Oh, I don't think so. You see, I know her, and I am sure you are mistaken.' It is the finest thing in the world to have friends."

When Miss Hite had had her short apprenticeship in vaudeville she played twelve characters in "The Burglar and the Waif," and followed, with one intervening person, Clara Lipman in "The Telephone Girl." She succeeded Eva Tanguay in "The Chaperones," then created the rôle of Queressa, "a part I named myself, she was such a queer young one," in "The Girl and the Bandit." It was during this engagement that Miss Hite nearly fulfilled her own prophecy of the fatal effect of a raise of salary.

"I had often said to my mother, 'If I ever earn two hundred dollars a week I shall not survive the shock. I'll pass away.' The day came. Sure enough, I ran out on the stage and with a shriek fell over backwards. It was the best fall I ever did."

In "The Merry Go Round" she played three parts, one, her most effective creation, being a little Italian maid. Vaudeville with its siren song of salary embracing four figures again wooed her. While she was touring the South she met Mike Dolin, "hard hitter and orator and captain" of the Giants.

"I didn't know anything about baseball and didn't care, and he was the same way about the stage. We didn't know we were interested in each other for two years after that, though I read the sporting pages of the newspapers for the first time and he began to scan the theatre notes. When we did meet two years afterward we began going about

together, and in two months we were married. It is too bad for him to give up baseball, and yet it's so pleasant for us to be together. We study our parts together and rehearse at home."

The face was artistically colored by this time and the small star—there are just one hundred and ten pounds of her—was wriggling out of the yellow silk kimono. We agreed that her robustness was not of the frame, and that the newly risen star would not shine at the washtubs, nor as a porter at the Hotel Martha Washington.

"But I am stronger than I look," she asserted. "I have nine hours of sleep. We have an automobile and manage to get plenty of fresh air. They're both great health preservers, you know. They keep me going."

While the tardily arrived black servitor buttoned her into the odd black gown that made her look grotesquely thin, she told me that no matinée maid was ever madder for the theatre than she.

"When I was a child my one thought was always to go on the stage. I used to shut my eyes when I saw a load of hay and say, 'Oh, I wish that I could go on the stage!' And I was so afraid that if I opened my eyes the load of hay would be turning a corner that I often bumped into people, giving and receiving black eyes. And I used to try to hold my breath until I got to a corner. For if I could hold my breath that long I believed I would get my wish.

There was never any wish but the one. And I am as mad about it as ever. I laugh at the worst farce and cry at the poorest sort of melodrama. I never feel the machinery in the play. I'm seeing. And I have a favorite actress to whom I send notes and flowers and things. That is Marie Cahill. I think she is the greatest American comedienne. Isn't it wonderful how easily she seems to get her effects? There isn't any apparent effort, but how everything she does scores. Oh, she is an artist!" She finished breathlessly, with a rapturous sigh.

"Five minutes, Miss Hite," warned a male voice at the door.

"Yes," was the calm-toned reply. She waited long enough to tell me her dearest dream.

"The greatest aim of our lives is to have a theatre. We could have one now in Chicago. Dear Chicago! I played there once for fifty-two consecutive weeks. When I go back they always make me feel that I am going home. But I suppose New York is the place. Well, we will see."

ADA PATTERSON.



Pardy, Boston Clinton Preston Irene Moore
SCENE IN "ANN BOYD," A NEW PLAY BY LUCILLE LA VERNE,
RECENTLY PRODUCED IN BOSTON



White

Boys of the De Witt Clinton Dramatic Society in "She Stoops to Conquer"

Bad Taste for Art's Sake

HE was a large vaudeville comedian. From the moment of his entrance there was no question as to his popularity.

Everything he said, sung, or did, was noisily approved by the audience. With him in his "act" was a young woman, who sang and danced fairly well, but whose principal business was to efface herself and "feed" the big man.

The girl was not especially pretty. But her short-skirted costume was spangled, and as she carried herself with the reckless gaiety demanded of the vaudeville soubrette, she made a satisfactory foil for her burly partner. She laughed and exchanged badinage with him almost as if she enjoyed it. But, in spite of her professional "don't care" attitude, there was something indefinably pathetic about her. It may have been her rather thin figure, or the flitting wistfulness in her eyes, or the violence with which she danced without moving the audience. Certainly one reason was the grinning carelessness with which the comedian tossed her aside (sometimes literally), as of no account.

And she accepted it all so meekly! So long as HE made a hit, what did it matter about her? Both of them expressed this so plainly that they might as well have said it. Perhaps she was his wife.

So the act went on to an uproarious "finish," with the girl doing all she could to add to the glory of the man. This included laughing at his witticisms to encourage the public to mirth. There was the usual recall, and he dragged her back with him to see him bow his acknowledgments. Of course, the applause was all for him. She came on only because she was part of the "act."

Then it happened. The comedian and the audience were on such good terms that he felt he must do something to keep up the excellent understanding. So, with a wink over the footlights, he suddenly snatched at the girl's piled-up blond hair, and pulled off the whole structure.

It was not a pleasant sight to everybody. There she stood, a pitiful, helpless little woman, her last shred of stage attractiveness gone with the showy coiffure the man was waving at the guffawing mob in front. She put her hand to the poor, scanty wisp of her own hair, twisted into a small pigtail at the back, and tried to smile at the hideous "joke." But there was pain in the smile—the agony of humiliation that only a woman could feel in such a situation. It was only for a moment. She had rushed into the merciful shadows of the entrance while the comedian was still bowing and smiling to the audience.

It was after the performance that the old-fashioned actor in a neighboring café slapped his hand upon the table and declared sonorously:

"I don't blame the actor so much for what he did. His business is to get laughs. The reason he doesn't care how he gets them is that he finds audiences are amused by such outrageous violations of common decency as the tearing off of a woman's wig."

"What made it worse for her was that he took her completely by surprise," put in the "leading juvenile" of a Broadway dramatic success. "He might have pulled her head off. Women's wigs are usually nailed on with about fifty hairpins."

"Aw! What are you talking about?" grunted the song-and-dance man. "That's all part of the act—that pulling her wig off. She has it fixed to give way easily. It's a good bit of 'business,' too. Why, it's a scream every time. They've been doing it twice a day for nearly a year, and it always gets over."

The "juvenile" shrugged his shoulders and remarked, dryly:

"So I should judge, from what I saw this afternoon. Was the wig-snatching 'business' her idea?"

"No. His."

"I thought so. Well, I suppose we should not take vaudeville



Moffett

JULIA SANDERSON

Who has been appearing as Eileen in "The Arcadians," and will be seen next season in "The New York"

too seriously. A thing like that could not take place on the legitimate stage, you know."

"Oh! Couldn't it?" snapped Mr. Song-and-dance. "Now, let me tell you something. Three years ago I went to one of the swellest theatres in London to see a big musical show. The house was named after the leading comedian. You can judge from that how high he stands on what you guys call the 'legitimate' stage. The prima donna of the company was as great a public favorite as himself."

"Suppose you cut the long speeches and get down to cues," rumbled the old-time actor, impatiently.

"That's all right. I had to give myself a little entrance music. You talk about poor old Blank this afternoon pulling off his partner's wig as if he were the first comic to do anything like that. That English Johnny with his name in electrics on the front of the show-shop did what came to the same thing. It was in high-brow musical comedy, too. I saw it. While he and this lady was spieling a duet, he grabbed her hair, and down it came in a tangle all over her face. Gee! She was a sight! The only reason he didn't yank it off was that it growed on her head. When she came on in that scene she looked like a fashion-plate. By the time that high-toned comedian had done with her you'd have said she'd been on a spree in the Haymarket for a week. That's what a woman's tousled hair will do for the best looking of 'em."

"Did the audience 'boo' the comedian?" asked the old-timer.

"Boo nothing! They laughed—just as hard as the Indians in the vaudeville theatre this afternoon."

"Horrible!" groaned old "Palmy Days."

"Oh, I don't know. It proves that the hair-pulling stunt is good for a laugh wherever it's done. All you want is the woman to stand for it. I'm in vaudeville, and I ain't saying that we're over-refined. But we're as good as your 'legitimate' people—authors and actors, too—when it comes to questions of taste. Vaudeville audiences like to laugh, and we do things that make them. If the people in front don't like what we do at any time, they tell us right away—and they're not any way choice in their manner of doing it. It's as likely to be an egg, or a brick, as anything—especially on the road."

"Well, good taste is only comparative, after all," observed the "Juvenile," loftily. "In vaudeville a great deal of latitude is allowed, of course. Even in musical comedy the standard is lower than in the regular drama."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Old-Timer. "And the curious fact is that actors will do and say things in musical comedy that they would scorn in a serious play. That is not con-

finned necessarily to England or to other foreign countries."

"Go ahead!" jerked out the Song-and-dance man. "You've got an example ready. I can see it in your face."

"Yes, I have. There is a star comedian on the American stage who in these days appears almost exclusively in modern drawing-room comedy. It was not always so. Some twenty years ago I saw him in one of those curious affairs they called musical farce-comedies. In one of his songs he was assisted by an invisible chorus. When the auxiliaries behind the scenes began to sing he pointed a thumb over his shoulder and said, contemptuously: 'Twelve a week.' Now, if those chorus people *were* working for a salary of twelve dollars a week—and even if they were not—it surely was in execrable taste for this prosperous actor to ridicule their poverty. Yet, as I remember distinctly, the audience laughed."

"And it wasn't a vaudeville audience, either, was it?" said Song-and-Dance, triumphantly. "We have our faults, but there are others, you see."

"Yes," drawled the "juvenile." "But that incident you've just mentioned took place twenty years ago, didn't you say, Mr. Palmy-Days?"

"About that. But I don't think the stage has improved in the matter of taste since then," was the prompt retort. "I'll

wager there is more vulgarity of language, if not of action, in the modern society play, than we ever saw in the late eighties."

"Don't forget that 'The Clemenceau Case' was produced about that time, and that 'Sappho' was done in the nineties."

"Those exhibitions were not any worse than several dramas offered to two-dollar audiences in the last few seasons," was the dignified rejoinder. "But I was thinking more about the foul language which is dragged into so many plays of to-day—language that would not have been tolerated when first I went on the stage."

"The 'Big D' was common enough in the theatre twenty, thirty or forty years ago," declared the "Juvenile." "You have only to buy a fifteen-cent copy of almost any of the old five-act plays to prove that."

Mr. Palmy-Days drew himself up with old-fashioned stateliness.

"The 'Big D,' as you call it, was the oath of a gentleman until it became vulgarized," he said. "But there are other expressions

which are simply and frankly detestably blasphemous. One hears them perpetually on the stage, not only from men, but from the lips of women whom we know to be refined."

"Blame the dramatist," rejoined the "juvenile," airily. "If he puts these words in the part the actress must speak them."

GEO. C. JENKS.

A Ballade of the Actor's Rôles

I have been Hamlet, as you know,
Winning the favor of the few;
Macbeth and Lear and Romeo,
And that young lord in "Much Ado";
Golightly, Surface, Richelieu,
Rôles I laid long since on the shelf;
Garrick, Cyrano, and the Jew—
I have been all men save myself.

I have been all men here below,
Like Proteus, donned each form and hue;
The villain foiled and slain the foe,
Squired the dames and tamed the shrew;
Romance's knight with crest askew,
Mocking jester and knavish elf,
Coward and slave and hero too:
I have been all men save myself.

The world's a stage, the endless show
That holds the boards a grand review;
All shadows in the moving row
I in my time have strutted through;
I have been marquis and Yahoo;
I have been Ghibelline and Guelph;
Patrician proud and parvenu:
I have been all men save myself.

ENVOI.

Prince, I have taken every cue
And played all parts for praise and pelf,
Saying one only, the real, the true—
I have been all men save myself.

CHARLTON ANDREWS.



BLANCHE RING (TO THE RIGHT) AND MABEL BARRISON ON A TOUR THROUGH TEXAS



EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



PARIS, June 3, 1911.

ART amateurs have recently enjoyed two fine exhibitions. At the Galerie Georges Petit was shown an "Ingres" collection, which was organized by the distinguished curator of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, M. Henri Lapauze, for the benefit of the Musée Ingres at Montauban, the native town of that great artist.

The second was the exhibition of Dutch masters in the Salle du Jeu de Paume, situated on the terrace of the Tuileries Garden.

While the Ingres exhibition did not contain all the masterpieces of that painter, for the Musée du Louvre cannot lend its pictures, nevertheless it contained some highly appreciated specimens of the work of that master. There is no painter who has been more discussed, more criticized, or more calumniated, than the master of Montauban. In spite of his great talent, and chiefly because of his radicalism in matters of art, he merited a certain amount of this criticism.

Despite the fact that his chief works, the portraits of Bertin, the Source, and the Odalisque, remained at the Louvre, the exhibition attracted crowds of visitors; indeed, all the art lovers of Europe made the pilgrimage. The chief canvas, because of its quality, if not its size, was the "Turkish Bath," of which there are several replicas. This picture is an undeniable proof that Ingres was capable of miracles. The nude figure in the foreground is treated in a masterly manner, and the very fact of his having painted it proves that much of the criticism of his works incited was hostile and unjust.

His colors are not always admirable, and his brick shades are displeasing. They remind one of Stendhal's remark to his friend Hébert, on leaving for the Villa Medici, in Rome, to join Ingres, "Beware of his chocolate colors."

It is the color, at once discordant and harsh, which makes his "Apotheosis of Homer" at the Louvre almost odious. This painting also exhibits Ingres' intolerance, for he found fit to exclude from the *cortège* of great men come to do homage to Homer the portraits of Shakespeare and Goethe, because he suspected them of romanticism!

Particularly noticeable in the collection is "La Famille Stamaty," loaned by the great

portrait painter, Louis Bonnat, a member of the Institute. To give you an idea of the intrinsic value of this drawing, for which Ingres received about twenty francs, M. Bonnat paid the Stamaty



Photo E. Schneider, Berlin

Mlle. ALICE O'BRIEN, OF THE OPERA COMIQUE



Photo Henri Manuel

Mlle. NELLY MARTYL OF THE OPERA COMIQUE

Small hat of black tagal, ornamented with plaited tulle and Black Prince roses
Made by Mme. Lenthéric

heirs the sum of 27,000 francs. Stamaty was an intimate friend of Ingres, and also a talented composer. He and the artist often played together, one on the piano, the other on his famous violin. For Ingres often consoled himself with the music of his violin for the many cares and trials of which his life was so full.

The organizers of the Ingres exhibition had the happy idea of inviting Jan Kubelik to come from Russia to play upon the instrument so often fingered by Ingres. Kubelik, with an audacity worthy of his talent, rented the Opéra for the occasion of his début in Paris. Kubelik's virtuosity is audacious, strong and yet light and, happily, always musical. He is at once a sorcerer and a charmer.

Contrary to many artists who have a world-wide reputation, Kubelik is not puffed up by his success, but is the epitome of modesty. I had the opportunity of talking with him for more than an hour, when he recounted much of his history. He is married, and, though only thirty, has several children, who always accompany him on his travels. In October he begins a long tour, commencing in the United States. After that he goes to South America, beginning with Buenos Aires and ending with Central America, all which will take about eighteen months, and include more than two hundred concerts. As he receives about 8,000 francs for a concert, the sum total amounts to a pretty figure. Paganini would be scandalized at the idea of such receipts.

Like Mozart, Kubelik was an *enfant prodigy*, for when he was eight years old he handled the bow dexterously. He studied at the Prague Conservatory, where he gave several remarkable recitals, afterwards playing in Austria and Germany, and then commenced tours of Europe, which have been attended with undiminished success.

Jan Kubelik possesses the most famous Stradivarius in the world, for which he paid 150,000 francs. "This famous violin," said he, "was in the collection of the late Mrs. Haddock, of Leeds, England. It had been in the possession of her family for one hundred and ten years, and I bought it just six months ago from her heirs."

Of Paderewski, Caruso, and other musical celebrities who have astonished so many people, Kubelik declined to speak, for fear of departing from his innate modesty. Yet his smile seemed to say that while Paderewski was still in the full exercise of his talents, he was almost fifty years old, and that Caruso's voice would last no longer than last the flowers.

The exhibition of the Dutch Masters was under the patronage of the Queen of Holland, and contained paintings, drawings and water colors, in all two hundred and seven examples from the finest French collections. It was certainly a lesson in beauty, dominated by the characteristic truth and force of the painters.

Whatever the subject, the soul of Holland lives in it, and M. Armand Dayot, the commissioner general of the exposition, is to be much congratulated, as well as M. Jules Porges, who has loaned the gems of his collection, and M. Francois Kleinberger, one of the most erudite connoisseurs of the Dutch school, who for the past twenty-five years has endeavored to instil into the public a greater comprehension and love for these great masters.

The specimens loaned by M. Porges are undeniably the most beautiful pieces of the exhibition. He has contributed nine Rembrandts, of which "The Old Woman with a Bible" is one of the finest examples of the art of that genius. He has also loaned five canvases by Franz Hals, all splendid examples.

"The Mandolinist," by Franz Hals, loaned by M. Edmond Veil-Picard, is another gem, and if it is not as fine as "The Laughing Cavalier" in the Richard Wallace collection in London, it is, nevertheless, a masterpiece. There are fine examples of the two great Dutch landscape painters, Hobbema and Ruysdael, who were the forerunners of the school of English landscape artists, and of the French school of 1830.

Rembrandt was the master of whom Michelet said, "He is the Dutch sorcerer who divines all." This fine series of his works comprise those from his début to the sad end of his life. The prices paid for Rembrandts to-day are many times those given in



Large White tagal hat trimmed with white plaitings, cherry ribbon, and cherries with white foliage. Worn by Mlle. Martyl, of the Opera Comique, and made by Mme. Lenthéric

the eighteenth century. His famous "Mill," owned by Lord Lansdowne, and which has recently been sold to an American collector for \$500,000, sold in 1724 for 50 florins. The museums that are richest in Rembrandts are the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, which owns thirty; then come the Louvre, the Cassel Museum, the National Gallery, and the Amsterdam Museum. The Metropolitan Museum, I believe, contains only three. Mr. Havemeyer is the American who owns the greatest number of Rembrandts.

Both of these fine loan collections have been visited by the European aristocracy, and among the admirably dressed women were many whose gowns bore the indisputable seal of fashion as decreed by Paquin, Doeuillet, Redfern and Cheruit, four names that are inseparably connected with elegance. Also much remarked were the lovely hats due to the exquisite taste and fertile imagination of Mme. Lenthéric, the great French milliner.

The Retrospective Exposition of Fashions, which I mentioned last month, has been opened by the President of the Republic. There are many fine paintings in the collection, and a dozen at least should be studied by every connoisseur. The French, English, Spanish and Dutch schools are all well represented. But there are costumes as well as paintings in this collection. Louis XV and Louis XVI costumes whose magnificence and taste command the admiration of every one; and also there are wonderful collections of fabrics and fans. From this you may have some slight idea of the wonderful variety, richness and attractiveness of this exposition of three centuries of fashions.

And now for present-day fashions, fashions that are, unhappily, so poorly interpreted by many dressmakers of the second class that the original conceptions of more talented dressmakers have been completely perverted.

I have already brought suit against the hobble skirt and the *jupe culotte*, and now I am forced to state the case against the *robe ecourtée*.

Truly, Parisiennes seem to have vowed to make themselves ridiculous. When I say Parisiennes I mean the great number of them who, not having the means that would enable them to order from the artistic creators of fashions, are constrained

to patronize those who are generally called manufacturers.

Thanks to a skirt that measures only a trifle more than a metre in width they can scarcely walk, much less get into a carriage. One would say that these women have lost not only all notion of the laws governing statics, but also all æsthetic sense. The hobble

skirt made women ridiculous, the *jupe culotte* made them grotesque, while the *jupe ecortée* is truly painful.

Not being a prophet, I cannot tell how long it will last. Such eccentric styles emanate from the atrophied brains of a class of dressmakers who endeavor by any and every means to make reputations for themselves.

Ask Paquin, Doeuillet or Redfern what they think of all these exaggerated fashions. Their replies will be identical, for they unhesitatingly condemn such aberrations.

Here is what Mlle. Marcelle Lender of the Théâtre des Nouveautés thinks:

"More stories about gowns! Why cannot they let gowns and women alone? The *robe ecourtée* is ugly, very ugly. Dare I say that this fashion is not a fashion, because such a narrow and short skirt is not a real woman's gown, but that of a little girl."

Said the clever and humorous painter, M. Grun: "If I were not a painter I should love to write an article with something of this title: The Influence of Skirts Whose Narrowness is Exceeded Only by Their Brevity Upon Modern Carriage Building."

As I did not understand the reference, M. Grun continued:

"It is wonderfully simple. With the present style carriage step, I defy any woman to enter a conveyance without dislocating herself, or using a lifting-jack. The step must be modified or replaced so that it will touch the sidewalk. So that we touch upon an economic problem the importance of which can be easily perceived."

"La Française," the society of which the Duchesse de Rohan is the president, recently gave a reception in honor of Madame Paquin. The speeches by the Duchesse de Rohan and Madame Severine were much applauded. In them these eminent women praised the work of Madame Paquin as member of the jury of the Brussels Exposition, as vice-president of the Dressmakers' Syndicate, and as patroness of the school of dressmaking.



Photo Felix

A SOCIETY WOMAN. GOWN MADE BY PAQUIN



Photo Henri Manuel

MME. PIERAT OF THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE

Gown of white and gold brocade, with transparent coat of faded rose leaf gauze, embellished with colored Irish lace and gold. Made by Redfern, Paris



Photo Henri Manuel

The disadvantage of the short, narrow skirt

I hope with my next letter to send you some photographs of the exhibits sent by Mme. Paquin to the Turin Exposition, as well as those sent by Redfern, of Paris, Doeuillet and Cheruit. In all these exhibits I have the consolation of stating that the *jupes ecourtées* shine by their absence.

It is regrettable that the Ville Lumière, which is Paris, should be partly dependant upon a pleiades of exotic dressmakers, while the real dispensers of fashion—I mean the veritable French fashions—come from only half a dozen of them, and these are people who know their business as well as people of taste. In less restricted articles than mine are, and from the psychological point of view, it would be interesting to study and analyze the ill-omened influences that certain dressmakers, endowed with none of the French grace, have upon the minds of the mass of French women. For French grace has for centuries governed feminine æsthetics.

PETRONIUS.



Photo Felix

"Ariane" evening gown of beaded blue net over pink satin. Made by Doeuillet



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Open-Air Theatres in America

(Continued from page 22)

holders of visitor's cards (to which only non-
residents of California are entitled). Other than
these, a few special guests, and the employees of
the club, no one has ever seen the performance
of a grove-play.Not so exclusive are the performances at the
open-air Forest Theatre at Carmel-by-the-Sea,
although the principal actors in the plays given
there are artists and writers and college folk,
who live in the shadow of the old Carmel Mis-
sion, where the good Father Junipera Serra has
slept for over a hundred years. Michael Wil-
liams, newspaper man and story writer, con-
ceived and promoted the idea of a Forest The-
atre, and last July Miss Skinner's "David" was
given an elaborate evening production by the
residents of Carmel.The site of the theatre is on the side of a hill,
where the natural slope of the land provides an
incline for the seats. The stage, banked with
shrubby and diminutive pines, backs against
trees that tower until their topmost branches are
all but lost in the darkness. These same lofty
pines extend around the auditorium, beyond
which one sees only the inscrutable blackness of
the forest. At times, however, the roar of the
ocean breakers may be heard distinctly.That the artist colony has any amount of tal-
ent to draw upon was evident from the ad-
mirable results achieved in the play dealing with
the biblical story of David, which lent itself
admirably to this natural outdoor setting. Ferdi-
nand Burgdorff, the artist, was responsible mainly
for the wonderful blending of colors in the rich
costumes, while Garnet Holme arranged the pic-
turesque tableaux, the most notable of which
showed Astar before Saul, with the Amakelish
women captives, and David being crowned King
of Israel by the Prophet Samuel.Herbert Heron, who has written some suc-
cessful plays, was David. He headed a cast that
for variety of employment could only be matched
by the performers at Oberammergau. Saul, King
of Israel, was played by Geo. Manship, who could
scarcely be accounted an amateur, as his work
under Holme at the University of California,
where he has appeared in many dramatic pro-
ductions, gave him a sort of security of position
which helped to make his impersonation a vigor-
ous royal figure. Helen Parks, a botanist, who
spends much of her time in Carmel, was Jona-
than. She was billed on the program as Harold
Parker, it being her wish to disguise her sex,
which she did very well. George H. Boke was
Samuel, the prophet, and Nabad was played by
Ferdinand Burgdorff, the artist, who suggested
in his conception of the impulsive captain of
Saul's hosts the freedom and bigness of his
colorful canvases. J. W. Hand, an indisputable
authority on the price of Carmel real estate, was
bracketed on the program with J. E. Beck, a
popular local druggist. They were shepherds and
the possessors of the comedy rôles.Alice MacGowan, a well-known magazine con-
tributor, made a tragic character of Astar, while
her youthful niece, Miss Helen Cooke, was a
surprise as Michal, the daughter of Saul, who
for her love of David gives up her life on the
brink of the psalmist's victory. Miss Maude
Lyons, Mrs. Bertha Newberry, Mrs. George Ster-
ling, wife of the poet, and Mrs. Jessie Frances
Short, were graceful in minor rôles.More nearly approaching the Greek Theatre at
Berkeley is Tacoma's Stadium, which Margaret
Illington is to use this summer for a magnificent
production of Euripides' "The Medea." It is
impossible to image a more ideal setting for this
famous Greek play than the Stadium, in the
building of which the actress' husband, Mr. E. J.
Bowes, played an active part. In fact, its loca-
tion is unequalled by that of any similar struc-
ture in the world. To the east, across Tacoma
Harbor, lie fir-clad hills. Beyond them rise the
snow-tipped Cascade Mountains. To the north-
west are endless blue vistas of Puget Sound and
wooded islands, and in the background rise the
rocky crags of the Olympic Range.A few years ago the Stadium site was called
"Old Woman's Gulch." There, with their shan-
ties clinging to the steep banks of the gulch,
lived a number of old women, widows of dead
"longshoremen. Right on the brink of this un-
sightly hole stood the High School building, an
imposing French Château structure. It was the
utter incongruity of the two extremes, palace
and jungle, that suggested the making of an
athletic field in the gulch.

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Players in Vacation Season

(Continued from page 28)

River, Long Island. These vacations she spends with her chum and son, who looks more like a brother of his beautiful mother. Edna Goodrich's visits to Great Neck, L. I., vary her summer's study of the rôle which Charles Frohman has assigned her for next season.

The Siasconset Colony will be as large as ever this summer, despite Mrs. Bronson Howard's defection to Darien, Conn., and the departure of Grace Livingston Furniss and Alice Fischer and William Harcourt to Gloucester. Though the presence of these pioneers in the actors' colony is missed, it has been replaced in some measure by new residents from Thespian land. Harry Woodruff, Joseph Kilgour, Vincent Serano, Frank Gilmore, Blanche Bender, W. H. Thompson and Isabel Irving, George Fawcett and Percy Haswell, and the family of Fred Thorne, will rest in the island hamlet.

Wilton Lackaye will return to play for a short while with the junior Wilton Lackaye at the summer home at Shelter Island. Julia Dean will return from her long tour with "The Lily" to ecoup for next season at the family homestead at Harmon-on-the-Hudson. Eva Davenport will rejuvenate at that rugged, historic spot, which he calls "The Jewel of the Atlantic," Block Island. Edwin Milton Royle and his wife, Selena Fetter Royle, will enjoy the summer after their own hospitable fashion at the Royle state, "The Wickup," at Darien, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham and the small Faversham boys sailed for England in May, and are entertaining many American friends at their picturesque and historic home, half hour from London, in Surrey.

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Edmund Kean in New York

"On the last day of November, 1820, Edmund Kean made his first appearance in New York. The one theatre of which the city at this time boasted had been burned down the previous year, and the company had taken temporary refuge in a small house in Anthony Street. The excitement caused by his arrival had been great, many people traveling from Philadelphia to see him, and the building was crowded to excess. According to the *National Gazette*, no actor had ever appeared in New York 'with such prepossessions in his favor, or such prejudices to encounter; and we candidly confess,' says the journal, 'we were amongst that number who entertained the latter. We were assured that certain imitations of him were exact likenesses—and that certain actors were good copies; that his excellence consisted in sudden starts, frequent and unexpected pauses, in short, a complete knowledge of what is termed stage-trick, which we hold in contempt. But he had not wished his soliloquy before our prejudices gave way, and we saw the most complete actor, in our judgment, that ever appeared on our boards. The imitations we had seen were indeed likenesses, but it was the resemblance of copper to gold, and the copies no more like Kean than I Hercules.'

"Night after night a rush, which wellnigh proved disastrous to many, was made to secure places at the theatre, so that a notice was issued by the management, stating that in order to prevent the riotous scenes which have disturbed the peace of the town in the vicinity of the theatre for several days and nights past, in efforts to forestall tickets, the managers have directed that the box-tickets and the whole lower tier, and fourteen of the second row next to the stage, shall be sold by public auction, the premiums from the choice to be appropriated to the Massachusetts General Hospital.' But though great audiences flocked to see him, so that the receipts of the theatre, which previously had amounted to a thousand dollars a week, now reached that sum nightly, the critics could not agree concerning the merits of his acting. One writer remarked, amongst other objections, that his 'local pronunciation does him an injury in the country where we have the pure English.' If the censure or praise of the press Kean took little heed, satisfied that his efforts drew crowded houses, and gained him enthusiastic applause."—from J. Fitzgerald Molloy's "Life of Edmund Kean."

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AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 4)

ridiculous and impossible. If traditions are abandoned, the spirit and form alike of the old productions will disappear. Molière's comedies are kept alive in France by adherence to traditions. It is the only way. Independence and modernity are desirable, but the stage owes it to itself to perpetuate as much of the best of the past as it can.

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BIJOU. “YOUTH.” Drama in three acts by Max Halbe. Translated by Herman Bernstein. Produced June 8 with this cast:

Father Paul.....Robert McWade, Sr.
Anna.....Louise Wood.
Amandus.....David Manning
The Chaplain.....H. H. McCollum
Hans.....Pell Trenton
A Polish Maid.....Emyrin Smith

Max Halbe's “Youth,” produced here in an experimental way by Mr. Julius Hopp, who aims to educate us in the best modern dramatic art and its tendencies on the Continent, has had a vogue for fifteen years in Germany. Transplanted to America, it is not exactly the same play, although literally translated and not changed by adaptation. It is a close study of the irresponsibility of youthful passion, notable enough as an authentic record of the way of a man with a maid, but as a play crude in construction in that everything that is to happen is obvious and anticipated. A kind-hearted priest in Silesia has in his household a girl whom he has adopted, her half-witted stepbrother and a fanatical curate. The girl is an illegitimate child of a weak, but not wholly unworthy, mother, who died heart-broken, and the fate of this living offspring of her passion is feared because of inherited temperament. The Priest's favorite nephew, a student just from Heidelberg, makes a visit, which is to last only a day or two. The two young people “fall in love at sight.” They had known one another as children. The simple-minded old Priest leaves them together as he goes to attend to his parochial duties, suggesting, with dry humor, that they might find books in his library for their entertainment. After a few glasses of wine at table (something to eat being provided in each act, as is customary in many German plays), and with the preliminaries of frank talk, they fall to in embraces and lingering kisses. In the second act, after he has consumed a few teacakes and devoured her with kisses, he suggests that she come to his room that night. She agrees to do so only if he should consent to remain a few days longer. Indeed, in her simplicity, she urges him to get something to do and live there. There is no suggestion on either side of marriage. The half-witted boy discovers the affair and reports it. In the ensuing scenes the culprits are brought before the Priest, the young man is to be sent away, to return after a while and perhaps marry the girl. The Curate is blamed for having precipitated the girl's conduct by having arranged to send her to a convent, and the half-witted boy shoots his stepister, intending (sanely enough) to kill the student from Heidelberg. Of course, there is pathos in all this. The intent of the play is good enough, but the lesson is not half brought home. The young man goes scotfree. There is no indication that he will reform his ways or be troubled in conscience. Death should be his portion also. The play is notable in the way we have described, but it is not edifying. The girl, as must be observed by every self-respecting woman, was insane to begin with. She was to be pitied, it is true, and tears may be shed for her, but the play is not profitable in instruction. It is fair to say that there are certain details of German character and life not a part of our life, which give the play a value in its native land which it cannot have here.

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The new Lauder Amberol Records include two of Harry's new songs in which he has made a tremendous hit “across the pond.” They are *The Scotch Errand Boy* and *Just Like Bein' at Home*. In the first named, Lauder impersonates a Scotch youth in a manner pleasantly reminiscent of his famous *I'm the Safest o' the Family*. The by-play between verses is unusually laughable. *Just Like Bein' at Home* is a happy march song, which demonstrates that Lauder has a remarkably fine voice, which he can use with excellent effect when he wants to.

W. S. GILBERT DEAD

W. S. Gilbert, collaborator with the late Sir Arthur Sullivan in the production of the famous Savoy successes "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Mikado," etc., and who was accidentally drowned on his estate at Harrow, England, on May 29 last, was by far the most brilliant and auspicious humorist to illuminate the English stage in the Nineteenth Century. As a dramatist his range was limited, but his genius was absolute in his own field and without competition. He belongs to literature as well as to the stage, and his work bears a distinct impress, like that of Swift and Sterne and Dickens, and it has the vital merit of freedom from eccentricity, as inimitable as it is. His genius was as far removed from conventionality as may be conceived. His genius failed him only in certain plays now forgotten in which his fancy was not free, and which were written to satisfy the demand from managers.

He was never technically a skilled dramatist. In the simple form of the opera he was sufficiently expert and supreme in expression. Even in the drama, when he combined his fancy and his feeling, as in "Broken Hearts" and "The Wicked World," his work had delicacy and force. His succession of operas opened up a new world of delight. Everything in them was new. What had been an excuse for lasciviousness became for him a form in which purity of thought was the dominant charm. There was no affectation in this, for every charm of reasonable sensuous pleasure was retained and heightened by the un-



THE LATE W. S. GILBERT.

accustomed becoming modesty in female dress. His Three Little Maids in "The Mikado" came fresh from his hands without the evil touch on them of the stage manager of the day. While some of his operas concerned and utterly destroyed some of the evanescent fads and follies of the day, their drollery and fancy make them works of the imagination which will not be wholly obscured by the lapse of time.

We need not in these words of recognition of Gilbert's genius catalogue his operas or recount the history of their popularity. That his operas were seized upon by unprincipled managers in the United States and produced with enormous profit without compensation to this benefactor of the world is a disgraceful part of our stage history; but better ethics now prevail and it is not likely that a similar outrage will again be practised. England is not free of blame in the matter of dramatic piracy. Gilbert's resentment, however, was entirely justified. He was not paid in full by this country, but he was not without substantial reward from it.

The librettist was born in London in 1836, and educated for the civil service. For a time

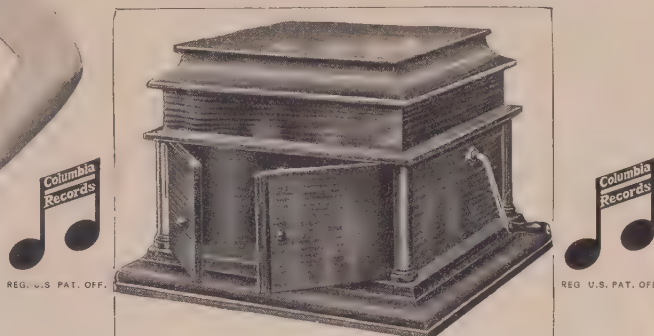
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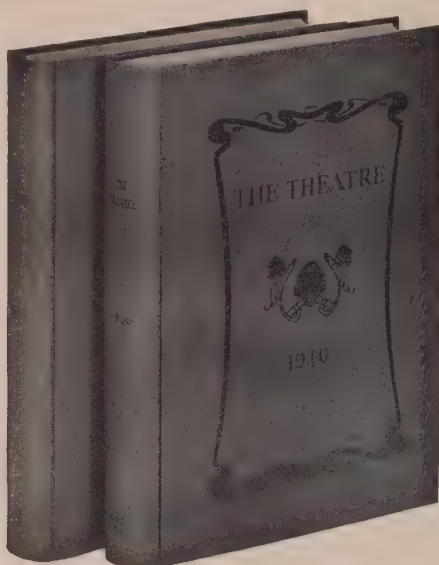
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he practiced law, and added to his income by writing humorous verses for publication. Among these were the "Bab Ballads," which laid the foundation of his reputation. His success encouraged him to write plays, and in succession he produced "La Vivandière," "Merry Zingara," "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Thespis," "The Wicked World," "The Happy Land," "Charity," "Trial by Jury" and "Sweethearts." In 1878 began that happy collaboration with Arthur Sullivan which was to bring fame and fortune to both. "H. M. S. Pinafore," produced at the Opera Comique, took London by storm. Then in rapid succession came "The Pirate of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," "Yeomen of the Guard," and "The Gondoliers."

In 1907 King Edward conferred upon W. S. Gilbert the honor of knighthood.

July Columbia Records

A thousand times and in a thousand ways the facile writers of the daily press throughout this country and Europe have told of Miss Garden's triumphs in operatic performances, of which there has been no parallel within the memory of the present generation. The story of her early successes in Paris and her subsequent notable and brilliant musical career in the French capital, the art centre of the world, is now an oft-repeated tale.

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Caron—Paris

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Mr. Witherspoon's numbers for July are most interesting, comprising three songs by American composers. The first is an effective song from one of the operas of Pietro Floridia. The second record contains two songs by Sidney Homer. *Requiem* is one of six songs constituting the composer's Opus 15. *Dearest* is a setting of a part of the poem "Hawthorne and Lavender," by William Ernest Henley.

TWO RECORDS BY ALBERT REISS.—*Hänsel und Gretel* (Humperdinck). Mr. Reiss tries his best to conceal his naturally sweet tenor when delivering this number, but only partially succeeds. However, the *Witch's* part is not intended to be sung but "squeaked," and as a humorous performance this rendition is a masterpiece. "Gasparone."—*Er soll dein Herr sein* (Millöcker). One of the favorite operettas of the late Karl Millöcker, who was Capellmeister at Graz and Vienna.

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GENERAL MANAGER

JOHN BROWN
BUSINESS COMPTROLLER

NEW YORK. June 8th. 1910.

Publishers, The Theatre Magazine,
New York, City, N.Y.

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It is with pleasure that I enclose herewith signed contract for the Metropolitan Opera House programme privilege, commencing with the season 1910-1911, which was awarded to you at a recent meeting of the Board.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

EDWARD HARRIGAN DEAD

Edward Harrigan, the well-known actor of Irish types, died on June 6 last. He was born in New York in 1843, his father being a ship's carpenter of Irish descent and his mother a Virginian. It was from his mother that Harrigan learned his negro songs which later featured so prominently in his stage work. His professional debut was made in variety in 1867, and four years later he entered into the profitable partnership with Tony Hart. From 1879 to 1881 Harrigan wrote and produced the Mulligan plays, all of which were more or less faithful reflections of the comedy and pathos of New York's low life and proved enormously popular. When Hart retired from the partnership, Harrigan leased the Garrick Theatre, opening it under his own name with "Reilly and the Four Hundred."



Schloss THE LATE EDWARD HARRIGAN

At the time of his death, Harrigan's plays had vanished from the stage; his career and his work belonged to history and the lively reminiscences of aging theatre-goers. He was not forgotten, but his work was tradition and not substance. It is the same with Charles Hoyt, who is remembered with enthusiastic memory by multitudes. It is but a following-out of the history of other evanescent writers and forms of entertainment which in their day commanded the laughter or sentiment of a generation. John Brougham and his extravaganzas were as dominant for a while, but there is record of them in the spirit and letter of the plays themselves. The Harrigan plays were intensely local; the types were true studies of New York life, but the story of the play was often extravagant and was intended to serve the purposes of character, drollery, comedy, song and dance. The social point of view, if it could be called a point of view, was democratic in the extreme. Harrigan's "Four Hundred" was a conglomeration of all races, colors and creeds. The negro was a welcome guest in the parlors of the socially ambitious of the Fourth Ward. The incongruity of it finally became too much of a burden for the nimble feet and the rollicking songs to carry. Harrigan himself, Tony Hart, Annie Yeamans, Collier, Quilter, and others of the company, were individually very clever and inimitable, but the plays as a whole meant nothing. True in character and details of life, often touching in incident and episode, they suddenly plunged into a whirlwind of impossible social extravaganzas. But Braham's music was very captivating and held the town for many a day. Harrigan was not a very good actor, but he had the genius of sympathy for poor, unlettered and odd people. He caught the passing types of the day, and he knew how, as a stage manager, to reproduce to the life in manners and dress and speech and thought. No adequate account can be given in print of the living impression of his plays or, to speak with more accuracy, of his productions and performances. But they contained genius, some of which will remain in the music and songs of Braham.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

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I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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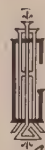


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May 18-10

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Louise Gunning

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo Felix

Handsome lingerie gown, showing the combination of *broderie Anglaise*, with satin stitch. Pale blue parasol with dark blue velvet band, and hat showing the same combination of shades

Meanderings in the Path of Summer Fashions

THE summer sees the triumph of light-weight cottons, linens and silks. For the cooler days serge, either in all white or with hairline stripes of color, is both practical and smart. But most of our bright sunshiny summer days are sufficiently hot to make wool materials obnoxious to the touch. Hence the great favor shown to both silks and cotton voiles, marquisettes, to linens, and such praiseworthy materials as foulards, surahs, silk serges, Salome and Indro silks.

At present we are in the full vogue of the dainty one-piece frock. While many of these are fastened down the back, some of the smartest of these charming gowns are fastened in front, and actually buttoned there, or so ornamented with button trimmings as to simulate that effect.

Even newer than these button front frocks are the waists with no buttons at all, no fastenings of any kind. This new Slip-o waist is a really wonderful invention that, when correctly adjusted, moulds the figure even more satisfactorily and artistically than any boned hooked or buttoned waist has so far ever done. As the name implies, it slips on over the head, and it takes scarcely a minute to adjust it to the figure, for all that has to be done is to tie the cords around the waist and neck, and presto! the waist is on.

The Slip-o waist has already been adopted by many of the smartest women, and while it is eminently adapted to athletic purposes because of the freedom of movement it allows the wearer, there are many beautifully trimmed models that are eminently suited to more formal occasions. Indeed, so great is the success of this new waist that many of the latest model gowns in marquisette and voile are made with Slip-o waists. One model I particularly like is in soft white satin with shallow guimpe and sleeve bands of time-yellowed lace. There is hardly a fashionable material and trimming which cannot be found in these waists, which are being shown in all the leading shops from six dollars up.

A friend who has just returned from Paris has brought back some of the daintiest imaginable lingerie made of cotton crepon. Particularly admirable are the petticoats made of crepon, which she tells me is the most sought for lingerie material with all the well-dressed women on the other side. The petticoats are certainly just the thing to wear under narrow dress skirts, while the short Princess slips are even more admirable for wear under the one-piece frocks. These French crepon garments are quite different from the ready-made crêpe underwear shown in the shops here; different because the material is so much finer and the linen and Valenciennes lace with which they are trimmed are of a quality that is certain to wash well.

I wonder why it is that so few of the shops show anything that is attractive in the way of a crepon waist. The material is not

really expensive, yet it is impossible to find a really pretty crepon waist for less than fifteen dollars. There are some Japanese cotton crêpes that make stunning little morning and afternoon frocks. They come in almost every imaginable color and hue, and are the special importation of Vantine. A lovely shade of cinnamon brown crêpe worn by a friend had the skirt made with a simulated tunic drapery, and the kimono-sleeved waist was finished at the neck with a guimpe of écu, while a wide black patent leather belt gave the finishing touch to a smart but simple frock.

I was quite surprised to find that many of the white Chinese silks shown by Vantine wash as well as any cotton material. Imagine a white messaline satin that will wash, and yet which is of such a lovely quality that it is suitable for the construction of an elaborate frock. They have a lovely white broche crêpe that would make an unusually pretty bridal gown, and it is only two dollars a yard and quite wide at that. I often wonder why it is that more originality is not displayed in the selection of materials for bridal gowns, particularly those that are to be worn by young women. It seems to me that widows are the only women who display originality in this respect, which is probably owing to the fact that they have some experience.

It seems a bit early to be talking about next autumn's fashions, but as velvet is to be much worn I should advise the future bride to take under consideration the selection of a white velvet wedding gown. It would be stunning embroidered with pearls, and with bits of old lace at the neck and sleeves. Silver embroidery on velvet would be appropriate for the bride, while for the bride of statuesque figure I can imagine nothing more lovely than a lace gown with a court train of velvet.

The English coronation will undoubtedly have a considerable influence on the autumn fashions. This will be particularly

noticeable in the use of velvets, broché and lamé silks, and in the vogue of royal red, purple and blue. But beyond these I doubt if Queen Mary's individual preferences for any particular style will have much effect on her own subjects, much less on American women. England's new Queen is a bit dictatorial and autocratic in her ways, and she lacks both the taste and figure to make her personal selections of any great moment in the world of fashion.

Her coronation gown was made by Worth, but in the London branch of the famous Paris house, because Mary has always been a great stickler for the encouragement of home industries. Even so long ago as when she was a bride her trousseau was home-made, of home materials. The red velvet for her state robe was woven specially for it, and the fifteen-yard train is heavily embroidered with gold crowns of various sizes scattered over its entire length, with a border of gold embroidery, which is framed



Photo Felix
Evening gown of drap d'or, veiled in yellow chiffon, with bodice of yellow tinted Italian lace

1861

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OUR
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1911

in a wide band of ermine, the royal fur. The bodice is of red velvet with fronts to simulate a short jacket, and sleeves that are puffed from elbow to wrist. This opens over a vest of draped lace, which corresponds with the front of the skirt, which is made of flounces of English lace specially made for this robe. Over this gown is a full short cape of ermine having a high Medici collar of the fur.

This is held in position by a long, heavy gold cord terminating in two huge gold tassels.

Heretofore the coronation robes of the English Queens have been made with the long-pointed Louis XVI bodice, and Mary is credited with a great deal of originality in having departed from that style. Be that as it may, the jacket front style certainly is more becoming to her matronly figure, for it partly conceals her tendency to *embonpoint*, which is hers by right of inheritance from her mother, the jolly, good-natured, but withal fat, Duchess of Teck.

When she was the slender and youthful Princess May, Mary followed closely the styles adopted by her mother-in-law, the charming, diplomatic and slender Queen Alexandra, who had no reason to fear the close-fitting Louis XVI bodice for her coronation robe, even though she was then several times a grandmother.

Queen Alexandra never issued commands as to what should or should not be worn by the ladies of her court. Even as Princess of Wales she bought her clothes wherever it pleased her to buy them, and it was Laferrière of Paris who had the honor until a short year ago of inscribing himself dressmaker to the Queen of England. Yet though Alexandra never tried openly to set the fashions, it is to her that we owe the vogue of the princess gown, the tailored suit and the high jewelled dog collar.

One wonders now how women ever got along without the tailored suit, yet it is barely thirty years since it was introduced. The American women quickly adopted it, because it was so well adapted to their daily needs. It is a popular fallacy that French women do not wear the tailored suit, and that the work of tailors in Paris cannot compare with that of American tailors. The fact of the matter is that French women adore the tailored suit, but they relegate it to its rightful realm and it occupies the same place in their list of toilettes that the business suit does in that of a gentleman's wardrobe. When a French woman is on dress parade in the afternoon she would no more think of wearing a tailored suit than she would think of attending the opera in any but a low-cut gown.

The acceptance of an invitation should carry with it the social obligation to dress in accordance with the occasion, and this, too, in honor of the hostess and her other guests. A wedding is assuredly one of the most formal of social functions, and hence would seem to call for more or less elaborate dressing. Therefore I was surprised to see at one of the most fashionable June weddings

some of the guests clad in tailored suits of white serge with narrow black lines. Even the receipt of an invitation to the church only scarcely excuses the donning of a suit of this description for so formal a function. Indeed, the wearer proclaims to the world of society that she is unacquainted with the unwritten laws which govern it.

White hats have come into their own again this summer. These are either all white or white with a touch of contrasting color, and black is the specially favored color for this purpose. Women who are no longer young and who understand the art of dressing use this touch of black as the facing for the hat. For there is nothing that enhances the marks of age quicker than unrelieved white above the face. Some of the black hats have the crowns covered with white or *écru* square-meshed Italian lace. It makes a very smart hat, but unfortunately this lace has been reproduced in the cheapest of machine-made products, and the possessor of expensive millinery of this description is apt to find it copied in most modest-priced hats.

The country hat *par excellence* is of soft white straw or felt with a brim that can be rolled up off the face at the point most becoming to the wearer. This is generally the left side, a trifle towards the front. For young girls no other trimming is used beyond the ribbon band. A pretty one in white straw had the brim caught to the crown by a large black and white butterfly.

Women truly made a long stride towards the *jupe culotte* when they adopted the divided skirt or breeches, with a long coat, for horseback riding. When they were first introduced they

were considered appropriate only for country wear, and park riders of the feminine persuasion adhered to the regulation skirt. To-day things are quite different, and the smartest women have shown a decided preference for the long coat with breeches to match, while the divided skirt with shorter coat is selected by the more conservative riders.

I have been more than surprised to find what natty riding outfits can now be bought ready to wear at Franklin Simon's, a shop catering to the well-dressed woman. A friend wrote



Photo by Joel Feder

Smart riding costume shown by Franklin Simon Co., New York

to me to go there and select for her a summer riding outfit, and I found so many stunning and well-made styles at such reasonable prices that I was puzzled what to select. Think of obtaining the correct thing in riding togs for \$18 to \$25 a suit! There are the deep khaki suits, some of a cotton Bedford cord in cool gray or *café au lait*, and others of linen. These may all be obtained with breeches and long coat, or with the divided skirt and shorter coat, as may those of the black and white check cloth like the illustration, or in the darker materials suitable for wear on cool days.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYÉS.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

In the course of my wanderings I have come across an unusual and elegant line of wash silks. Just imagine, for example, a satin messaline that will wash! It is twenty-seven inches wide, and costs only \$1.25 a yard. Quite out of the ordinary, too, are the handloom pongees. These also wash, and certainly nothing could be more suitable for the summer motor coat. Think how desirable it will be if by accident a drop of oil mars the beauty and freshness of your new motor coat to be able to wash it away with some ivory soap and cold water, or even to turn it over to the laundress with perfect faith that she will return it to you as good as new. These washable pongee silks are woven, as their name implies, by hand, yet they can be had for the comparatively small sum of one dollar a yard, and from that up to \$4.50. All are thirty-four inches wide. Then there are very desirable styles in washable shirtings for both men's and women's wear that range in width from twenty-seven to thirty-two inches, and in price from seventy-five cents to one dollar twenty-five.

Have you seen the new silks that so many girls are using for sashes? They are about twelve inches wide, and are literally covered with artistic designs in lustrous silk. Some of the girls are using them for waists by joining the widths with *entredeux* of Maltese, Irish, Cluny or Venise lace, according to taste. One pretty waist is made with a width of the silk extending over the shoulders and down the arms. It looks as though a hole had been cut in the centre for the neck. Then there is a band of wide lace encircling the body just under the arms, to the lower edge of which it attached another width of the silk. The sleeve is finished with a band of the lace, and the neck with a frill of plaited net.

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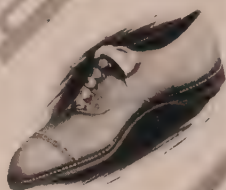
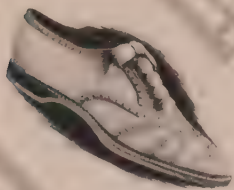
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of attractive designs saw the charming operetta "The Spring Maid" one night last winter at the Liberty Theatre, New York. When the saucy Princess Bozena, in the person of pretty Christie MacDonald, appeared as a Carlsbad Spring Girl the rug man was captivated almost as much by the gown the prima donna wore as by the sparkling waltz she sang. Every one of the thousands who have heard this opera has admired that gown. The artistic simplicity of the Grecian filigree border to Princess Bozena's dress fascinated the business eye of the rug man. He had an idea at once. Before leaving the theatre he had secured the consent of the little star and her managers, Werba and Luescher, to reproduce the design of Miss MacDonald's "Spring Maid" dress in a new Wilton rug to be named in her honor. Nothing more was heard of the rug man until a few days ago, when the New York papers all contained flaming advertisements of "A Royal Rug for a Pretty Princess." It was Gimbel Brothers' announcement to New York that the Christie McDonald rug was on the market. The event was celebrated by a luncheon given in the dining-room of their store and graced by the presence of the star. The orchestra was instructed to play a selection from "The Spring Maid." Fifty thousand dollars' worth of these rugs constituted the first addition, and we have it on good authority that the rug, like the opera, is a hit with every one who sees it.

With the advent of warm weather there is nothing more desirable for a lounging gown or bath robe than a real Japanese kimono. The American-made imitations generally have a lot of the material massed on the shoulders, which makes them both warm and ungainly, while the genuine kimono is artistic, comfortable, cool and modest. It is modest because there is the matching sash which always accompanies the veritable kimono, comfortable because there is no unnecessary material in the garment, and artistic because of the lovely printed crêpe of which it is made and the graceful sleeves. There is a wide variety of choice in the colors and designs of the cotton crêpes, and all kimonos are sold at the uniform price of \$3.50.

Moth preventives have generally such noxious odors that many women are loath to use them. But there is a sweet-smelling wood whose value as a moth preventive was well known to our great-grandmothers. Those of us who still possess attics where are stowed away in ancient chests the now historic family costumes associate this faint, pleasurable perfume with the dainty belongings of our ancestors. There are always woolen garments of one description or another that it is impossible to send away to cold storage, or to pack away in mothproof chests. They must perforce be left in the closets for occasional summer use, yet they must be well protected against the devastations of moths. For such garments the sweet-scented wood is a veritable boon. Little silk bags can be filled with the shavings and attached to each garment, or the bags can be scattered over the shelves and between the garments.

In the director's room of the recently completed New York Public Library will be placed a rug which in some respects is the most interesting Oriental rug ever woven.

Its design was first put on canvas in oils in four colors. Its painting took more than one month and the design alone is valued in the neighborhood of \$1,000, making it the most expensive design ever followed in the weaving of an Oriental rug. Its size will be 25 x 35 feet and it will take years for the nimble fingers of the Oriental weavers to complete it, so that delivery cannot be made for many months.

It is to be woven at Sivas, Turkey, under the direction of the Vantine organization at that place, the order for the rug having been placed with the Contract Department of Vantine's, The Oriental Store, New York City.

During the completion of the rug Vantine will loan the library a Persian rug from their regular stocks, and also for use in other rooms in the Library there will be gathered other choice rugs which were chosen from their selected stocks.



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At the races and on varnishing day at the Salon, which is always thronged with charmingly gowned women, may be seized many opportunities to glean much interesting and valuable news relating to dress in Paris.

Another source of information is the morning promenade, for, in obedience to physicians' orders, the fashionable world is taking morning walks in the Bois. Between the hours of ten o'clock and noon many walk briskly along the "Path of Virtue," usually accompanied by their dogs, among which the King Charles is a favorite. For these morning walks are worn tailored costumes of severe simplicity, usually in marine blue or gray, with large



Photo Felix

Afternoon gown of cerise satin, veiled with national blue marquissette, with plain écarle net guimpe

revers of white cloth. A gray trimming is noticed, which is very popular, consisting of small steel buttons, arranged in clusters of five or six on jacket and skirt. Small buttons, used only for decorative purposes, are made like beads, with holes passing through from side to side, and not as they usually have been, with holes or catches in the middle.

One sees many tailored costumes in silk which are wonderfully chic. It is, however, the model in marine blue serge which has captured general favor, for at the last race meet were counted no fewer than twenty, and all came from the most exclusive couturiers. They are very simply made. One model showed the skirt decorated on one side only, with soutache in a pattern like an elongated egg, which started at the hip and reached to the ankles. The girdle was formed of large blue wooden beads, threaded to form a galloon band, the long ends being weighted with bead fringe.

For silk tailor-mades the reversible varieties continue their vogue, but Paris has grown rather tired of the wide stripes; they have been so overdone that they have become vulgarized and common.

A STORE UNLIKE ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD!

UNLESS you have visited Vantine's it is hard to convey an adequate description of the thousand and one beautiful and useful things here to be obtained. The most cordial invitation to come is extended to everyone—whether the visit be prompted by interest in Oriental art or with the intention to purchase.

Vantine's is a veritable Treasure House of things Oriental, and one has the satisfaction of knowing that whatever is had from Vantine's is something unusual, something different than may be obtained anywhere else. The surety that everything sold is genuine adds value to all purchases, and a pleasant surprise lies in the low prices at which it is possible to secure such unusual things.

As an instance, visit the Jewelry Department. There is a great attraction in Oriental jewelry—the wonderful workmanship of the deft little men of the East, combined with the unique designs and colorings which obtain in all their work, gives special charm to their productions. Then, too, there is an added attractiveness in the knowledge that no two pieces are alike.

As an indication of price—rings, bracelets, brooches, chains, ear-rings, pendants, pins, may be had for as low as five to ten dollars. All are pieces which excite admiration, and which, without an aforeknowledge, would be valued at several times the sum.

Fans are fascinating to every woman. The coquettish Japanese maiden has demanded that of all her possessions her fan shall bespeak her taste in matters of beauty, and in these exquisite Oriental fans are portrayed the sentiment of legends, scenes, and faithful reproductions of the blossoms of the Flowery Isle. The collection ranges from screen and folding paper fans at 50c. to masterpieces of ivory carving and painting at \$50.00.

Parasols, a necessity in the summer time, will here be found in such variety that the utmost whim of Dame Fashion may be fully satisfied. Madame will do herself an injustice if she does not first inspect these offerings, which may be had for as little as \$5.00. Parasols of pongee, beautifully embroidered, \$17.00 and \$20.00.

Oriental perfumes, sachets and toilet waters steadily increase in popularity. There is a certain exquisite delicacy, freshness and an indefinable allurements that obtains only in an Oriental odor. Another inducement is their comparative inexpensiveness. A new Vantine odor—Wistaria—as delicate and delightful as the Wistaria blossom itself. Sells in the Sachet at 75c.; Toilet Water, \$1.00, and Extract, \$1.75.

Refinement and the distinction of individuality is a characteristic of Chinese and Japanese fabrics. Chinese Pongee is a genuine handloom material. It conforms with the prevailing mode in being soft and clinging, yet is of sufficient body to hold the lines of a tailored suit. In the heavier weight it is most desirable for motor coats. In natural color, it is 34 inches wide and priced from \$1.00 to \$4.50 per yard.

Rainproof Habutai silks, printed and dyed at Lyons, have the same soft draping possibilities. These silks are inexpensive, 27 inches wide, selling from 85c. to \$1.75 a yard.

These examples convey but a suggestion of the variety offered, for similar attractions greet you in every department—and whether the need or desire calls for something exclusive in draperies and wall fabrics, teakwood, or Canton furniture, tasteful garden furnishings, individual lamps, odd laces and embroideries, dainty kimonos and scarfs, fine rugs or Eastern condiments, or rare teas with which to tempt or whet the appetite—come to Vantine's! Or, if a personal visit is not possible, take advantage of the Mail Order Department.

The Mail Order Department

is prepared to answer any inquiry, to offer suggestions for every requirement, to send samples and, when satisfactory references are given, to send goods on approval, for selections in your own home.

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The King of Perfumers

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PARIS



"A Late Creation"

PARFUM AEOLIAN

Has refined distinctiveness

Used by fashionable women the world over

LENTHÉRIC

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS

Taffeta started in on what one believed to be a great vogue for smart tailor-mades, and in some cases silk fringes were used to decorate costumes of this material. Yet in one short month the vogue has waned, for at many smart teas of the past week not one tailored costume of taffeta and fringe could be seen.

On many gowns are seen little boleros, cut with panel-like extensions, which reach nearly to the ground. There are some of these jackets which have the panels on the sides, the material of the skirt in the front and in the back being fully disclosed. Sometimes the panels are drawn to the back and flatly plaited low down on the skirt into an embroidered motif of the same material. There is also noticed a decided tendency towards belted jackets. On Mlle. Rolly, at a recent first night at the Odéon, was very much admired a jacket of white cheviot, prolonged in a double panel in the back and belted with raven blue. This tendency will undoubtedly lead to a revival of the Russian blouse, so becoming to slender figures and to young girls. There are seen at many of the big houses Russian blouses of embroidered linen, encrusted with motifs of costly lace, which are to be worn over lingerie gowns. Many Russian blouses are being made up in coarse old filet, dyed in tones of blue, lavender, yellow and cerise. They are of the simplest cut, like a peasant's chemise more than anything else. They are quite straight, with short sleeves, and are confined at the waistline with belts of patent leather in white, blue, yellow and cerise.

In long coats, redingotes of black charmeuse are very popular, also Directoire coats of sombre hued voiles, made up over vivid colors, such as emerald green, topaz and amethyst. Very chic, indeed, are wraps of mousseline de soie, marvelously embroidered, which heighten the beauty of the gown seen through the transparency.

The vogue of the scarf seems for the time, at least, to be at a standstill, although for the evening there are some new Egyptian draperies decorated with metal scales.

Then there has been an effort, though not a very successful one, to launch a large scarf of mousseline de soie embroidered in worsted.

A type of gown that was held back, and has been suddenly sprung as a delightful surprise, is a so-called afternoon gown. It is the kind of gown one wears when calling, or for an afternoon at the races. It is youthful in lines and is walking length, and is usually made with a bolero or short jacket, which, when removed, reveals a complete gown underneath. The materials mostly used for this type of gown are tussor, voile de soie, and crêpe de chine, printed in cachemire and foulard designs. If the gown is made of material in a neutral shade the bolero worn with the gown will be of a vivid color. Or, if the material be of a neutral shade, printed in strong colors, the short jacket or bolero will be developed in a color which will harmonize most perfectly with the dominant tone.



Blue foulard with red, blue velvet trimming

FREE FROM EXPERIMENTAL FAULTS

Day After Day for Four Straight Years, This Car Has Satisfied Its Users and Proved Its Super-Worth.



MORE than half of the attempts of American makers to produce six-cylinder cars have failed.

We have a list of 32 makers whose sixes went wrong and dropped from the market.

Among these 32 makers are companies of good reputation, concerns that are still in business and prospering—but, with a single exception, they have all abandoned the six as a bad job.

One maker, whose fame is international, tells us that the worst mistake he ever made was his attempt to build a six.

One Great Six Success

On the other hand, the greatest success in the long history of the Winton Company (dating from the first bona fide sale of an American-made motor car, March 24, 1898) is the direct result of producing the six-cylinder Winton Six.

Here you have a contrast of 32 failures to one success—and this success has been so tremendous that practically the whole industry (barring those concerns included in the 32 failures) is now preparing to make sixes for the 1912 market.

Winton Six success has proved that the six-cylinder car can be superior to all other types.

Success Not Easily Grasped

And these 32 failures go to prove emphatically that success in making sixes is not within the grasp of every maker who tries.

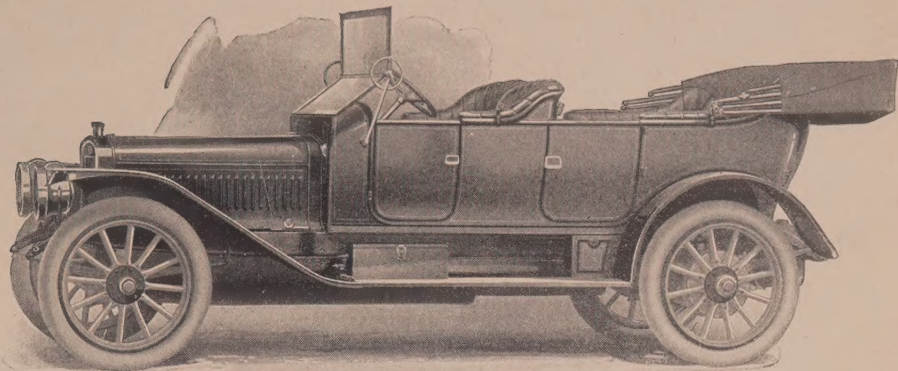
You will find this truth echoed in current six-cylinder advertising. Makers are taking particular pains to inform you how many years they have been experimenting with sixes, and how exhaustively they have been testing their sixes before deciding to market sixes. Could anything more conclusively show that six-cylinder success is elusive and hard to capture?

Makers changed from two-cylinder to four-cylinder models over night, almost, and were as successful with the four as with the two. That was because the propositions were much the same.

Six is a Different Proposition

But in the six-cylinder car the propositions are radically different. The six is distinctive and peculiar, involving engineering and manufacturing problems that are not met in four-cylinder manufacture.

And these peculiar problems must be met, and solved, and mastered, before it is possible for a maker to produce a six-cylinder



WINTON SIX SELF-CRANKING MOTOR AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS

car possessing that unity, balance, and matchless beauty of performance, without which the six-cylinder car would have no reason for existence.

When the Six is Best

It amounts to just this: When a six-cylinder car is designed and built right, it is the greatest car in the world. But if it lacks, it is pitiable.

The six-cylinder car was not a new idea when the Winton Company took it up. Other makers had endeavored to make sixes, but not one of them, the world over, thought well enough of the six to advocate it as the best of all types, and to abandon four-cylinder cars in favor of the six.

The Winton Company was the first company in the world to recognize Six Supre-

macy that a new model is never an approved success until it has been given at least a year's work in the hands of individual owners.

The Winton Six has had, not simply one year's test, but four continuous years of testing in the hands alike of expert chauffeurs and of inexpert owners, and has won the unqualified approval of both.

World's Lowest Expense Record

In the service of individual owners, the Winton Six has year after year established the world's lowest repair expense record. To-day that record stands at 43 cents per 1000 miles—a record based on the sworn reports of individual users, whose names, addresses and performance reports we shall be glad to send to any address upon request.

In every feature that makes the six-cylinder car at its best the one ideal car, the Winton Six is an approved success. When you buy a Winton Six you escape all the unpleasant possibilities that go with experimental cars, and are assured of a quantity and quality of car service that will make you more enthusiastic about motoring than you have ever been before.

More Car for 1912

Our aim has always been to give the purchaser the greatest possible value for his money. Hence, for 1912 we are offering more car than before at no increase in price. The wheel base has been lengthened to 130 inches, and the body is more spacious and comfortable than previously. Four doors, with operating levers inside, are regular equipment. So, too, are electric dash and tail lights, and Booth Demountable rims. Tires are 36x4½ all around.

As in previous years, the Winton Six motor cranks itself.

The price remains unchanged at \$3000. And the complete car, from radiator to gasoline tank, is an absolutely safe and satisfying purchase.

Write for Catalog

Get the facts about the car whose wonderful success has caused many makers to change their minds, their policies and their models. Our catalog gives the fullest details. Also it tells how and why the Six-Cylinder car stands alone at the top—the car without an equal. Clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

INVITATION TO AUTOMOBILE MAKERS

As you know, this Company has advocated and manufactured six-cylinder cars exclusively since June, 1907.

The present popularity of Sixes is largely due to the success of the Winton Six in making good on every claim of Six Superiority.

Naturally we are zealous that public confidence in the Six may never be shaken by the marketing of any Six that falls short of excellence.

Therefore, to facilitate the production of worthy Sixes, which shall still further strengthen public confidence in the Six, this Company is willing to place its experience in designing and building Sixes exclusively at the call of companies having established reputations as motor car makers.

Any such company desiring to accept this proffer may send its mechanical engineer to our plant. There we will show him everything we have and everything we do. We shall be pleased to give him any information arising from our experience as to the engineering problems involved and methods of six-cylinder manufacture.

This invitation is extended in absolutely good faith.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

macy by discarding all other types and devoting its entire resources to the development and manufacture of sixes exclusively.

Solving Six Problems

It was this policy of not trying to serve two masters, but of centering attention, thought and action upon sixes to the exclusion of all else, that served to teach us the solution of six-cylinder problems, and to bring the Winton Six to such early perfection that this car has not required a single radical change since its introduction to the public in June, 1907.

The Winton Six—the car that converted the industry to six cylinders—long ago ceased to be an experiment.

Individual Service the Only Test

The Winton Six has withstood the most strenuous tests of service in the hands of individual owners. And, after all, individual service is the only real test of a car's worth.

Tests made by factory experts are commendable, and would be sufficient if all car owners were as skillful as factory experts. Hence it amounts to a maxim among car

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

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69 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio

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LENTHÉRIC

The King of Perfumers

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS



THE ROSE OF ROSES

Among all the fragrant products from the establishment of that master perfumer, Lenthéric, of Paris, many of which from time to time we have recommended to our readers, none is likely to surpass the vogue of his latest creation, which he appropriately names "La Rose des Roses." It is the very essence of the queen of all flowers, and the roses from which it was made were remarked for their special beauty, just as a handsome woman might be more particularly noticed for her charm when in a group of other handsome women.

This new perfume is manufactured from the very best flowers, carefully selected in order to obtain a superior extract remarkable for the delicacy, fineness and purity of its aroma, and this explains its name, "La Rose des Roses."

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PARIS

All the World's a Stage



but it takes a 'star' to win the lasting applause of her fellow actors. Its PURITY, QUALITY and FLAVOR have settled the question of beer supremacy and stamped the seal of permanent approval on

Miller

HIGH LIFE

Milwaukee's Leading Bottled BEER



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The following are vitally interesting chapters to every woman, "The Expectant Mother," first symptom, proper diet, clothing, exercise, etc., by Thomas M. Acken, M. D.,—"Care Baby Needs," feeding and hygiene, by William L. Stowell, M. D.,—"Baby's First Tooth" and the other thirty-one, by Stephen O. Storck, D.D.S.,—"Things You Can Make or Borrow," how to prepare for the new baby, by Sarah J. Keenan, who has been a maternity nurse for twenty years without ever losing a baby,—"Schedule of My Baby's Day," showing just what to do, by Eva James Clark, a mother.

In addition to the above are 433 photographic illustrations of baby's clothes, toys, accessories, in fact everything for a child from birth to five years, things you have never seen, or thought of before, and how to get all of them direct from the manufacturers, at lowest prices.

By special arrangement with the publisher, we can send you an advance copy of "The New Baby" if you will send us your address and 25c.—ADDRESS—

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

26 West 33d Street - - New York City



CONTENTS: AUGUST, 1911

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Portrait in colors of Gertrude Hoffmann	PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Hazel Dawn on horseback	
TITLE PAGE: Bessie McCoy in "The Follies of 1911"	39
PLAYS AND PLAYERS: "The Follies of 1911" and "The Red Rose"	40
THE DRESS REHEARSAL—Poem	<i>Leslie Curtis</i> 40
SELECTING A CAST	<i>Harry P. Mawson</i> 42
TO OTIS SKINNER—Poem	<i>Thacher H. Guild</i> 43
EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET—Full-page plate	44
JULIA MARLOWE AS ROSALIND—Full-page plate	45
MOVING PICTURE BARNSTORMERS	<i>George C. Jenks</i> 47
OLGA NETHERSOLE—Full-page plate	49
SCENES IN "THE RED ROSE"—Full-page plate	51
EVE LAVALLIERE—FAVORITE ACTRESS OF PARIS—Illustrated	<i>Gertrude Norman</i> 52
EVE LAVALLIERE—Full-page plate	53
AURORA PIATT—Full-page plate	55
MAX REINHARDT AND HIS FAMOUS PLAYERS—Illustrated	<i>Eva Elise Vom Baur</i> 56
MME. LILLIAN NORDICA—Full-page plate	61
SUMMER NIGHTS IN LONDON	<i>Willis Steell</i> 62
THE AMERICAN STAGE A GENERATION AGO—Illustrated	<i>W. W. Austin</i> 64
SCENES IN "DOLLY MADISON"—Full-page plate	67
THE PLAYER'S PRAYER—Poem	<i>Parmlee Brackett</i> 70
EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT	<i>Petronius</i> 71
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	<i>Harriet Edwards Fayer</i> xiii

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